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From Beginning

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CONTENTS

A Week of the World 249

The Year of Revolution . . . . . LUDWIG QUESSEL 254
From the Sozialistische Monatshefte

Peace and Famine 260
From the Manchester Guardian

The Question of the Dardanelles . . . . . GABRIEL HANOTAUX 263
From Le Figaro

The New National Movement in Turkey 266
From the Frankfurter Zeitung

Austria in Extremis 267
From the Corriere della Sera

Socialism in Japan 269
From the Japan Chronicle

Lord Grey of Fallodon . . . . . FRANK FOX 272
From Land and Water

The Reviving Industries of Magdeburg . . . . . DR. PAUL MICHAELIS 278
From the Berliner Tageblatt

A German Workingman Writes 279
From the Lokal Anzeiger

Lloyd George on Ireland 281
From the Times

In Besieged Petrograd . . . . . ANDRE PIERRE 282
From L'Opinion

On Collecting Things 284
From the Times

National Types — the Englishman 290
From the New Statesman

The Rock Pool . . . . . EDWARD SHANKS 293
From the London Mercury

Coteries . . . . . FRANK SWINNERTON 294
From the Athenæum

Pockets . . . . . CLAUDE TESSIER 296
From To-day

Odette, Jeune Fille Francaise . . . . . RENE BAZIN 299
From Les Annales

A Visit to Paul Bourget . . . . . GERARD BAUER 301
From L'Echo de Paris

Religion and Drink . . . . . THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD 302
From the Review of Reviews

The Poplars . . . . . ISABEL BUTCHART 306
From Country Life

Talk of Europe 307
Ex-Soldiers as Domestic Servants — French Finance — Sunday Afternoon Amusements — Reminiscences of W. S. Gilbert — The New London Police — Anatole France Pleads the Cause of Egypt — Italian Objections to the Kaiser's Trial — Bottle Messages — An Historic Painting.

The Editor's Note-Book 309

A PAGE OF VERSE

A Lullaby . . . . . WALTER DE LA MARE 310
From the Anglo-French Review

Possession . . . . . JOHN FREEMAN 310
From the New Statesman

Ishak's Song . . . . . JAMES ELROY FLECKER 310
From the London Mercury

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THE LIVING AGE

FOR NEXT WEEK WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

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HENRY FIELDING AS AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MAGISTRATE

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JANUARY 31, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AMONG the numerous articles that appeared in Germany appropos of the first anniversary of the revolution, the one in our present issue stands out for its moderateness of judgment. Its author is a conservative Socialist, who represents a school of thought that probably has a more numerous following than any other among his countrymen. We must bear in mind that if a very large proportion, possibly a majority, of the German people are Socialists, their Socialism is becoming something that most sober-minded people can endorse.

No doubt the year has brought as many bitter disillusions to Germany as to other countries. The writer has not concealed this fact in what he tells us of present sentiment.

Even those who predicted no good from the overthrow of the old régime, profess to regard the results as more disastrous than they contemplated. The *Lokal Anzeiger*, which used to be the Kaiser's favorite paper, bewails in the same breath the moral and physical untidiness of the metropolis. 'Every post and pillar thrusts its unseemly placards and foul notices into the faces of the public.' Portraits and busts of Emperors and Generals have been removed from the schools and the discipline and industry of the pupils has vanished with them. An epidemic of strikes and indolence has prostrated production, while taxes and other public burdens are being multiplied.

Vorwärts would throw responsibility for the failures of the revolution upon the Allies, who have betrayed democracy, and upon the Bolsheviki, who have betrayed Socialism. Radical revolts at home have undermined the influence of the proletariat in Parliament and have strengthened the bourgeoisie. The harsh conditions imposed by the Entente upon its enemies have disheartened the opponents of militarism and arbitrary rule. Nevertheless, according to this paper, Germany has one great, positive achievement to show for the year — the erection of a new government controlled by the will of the people.

MR. KEYNES'S book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, will probably hold a permanent place among the analyses and criticisms of the Paris conference. The review we republish from the *Manchester Guardian* is naturally sympathetic, for he advocated the generous peace so ardently championed by that prominent organ of English Liberalism. The London

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Morning Post, which represents the opposite extreme of British opinion, probably finding little in Mr. Keynes's view of the negotiations with which it sympathizes, consoles itself with his 'acid character sketch' of President Wilson. The following quotation forms the major portion of that paper's notice of the book:

When President Wilson left Washington he enjoyed a prestige and a moral influence throughout the world unequaled in history.

But afterwards:

The disillusion was so complete that some of those who had trusted most hardly dared speak of it. . . . The President was not a hero or a prophet: he was not even a philosopher, but a generously-intentioned man, with many of the weaknesses of other human beings and lacking that dominating intellectual equipment which would have been necessary. . . . His temperament was not primarily that of the student or the scholar; he had not much even of that culture of the world which marks M. Clemenceau and Mr. Balfour as exquisitely cultivated gentlemen of their class and generation. . . . He was not only insensitive to his surroundings in the external sense; he was not sensitive to his environment at all. What chance could such a man have against Mr. Lloyd George's unerring, almost medium-like, sensibility to everyone immediately around him? . . . The poor President would be playing blind man's bluff in that party. . . .

The President was like a Nonconformist Minister, perhaps a Presbyterian. His thought and his temperament were essentially theological, not intellectual. . . .

In fact, the President had thought out nothing. When it came to practice, his ideas were nebulous and incomplete. He had no plan, no scheme, no constructive ideas whatever for clothing with the flesh of life the Commandments which he had thundered from the White House. He could have preached a sermon on any of them or have addressed a stately prayer to the Almighty for their fulfillment, but he could not frame their concrete application to the actual state of Europe. . . . Not only was he ill-informed — that was true of Mr. Lloyd George also — but his mind was slow and unadaptable. . . . There can seldom have been a statesman of the first rank more incompetent than the President in the agilities of the Council Chamber. . . . He did not remedy these defects by seeking aid from the collective wisdom of his lieutenants. . . . He could write notes from Sinai or Olympus; he could remain unapproachable in the White House, or even in the Council of Ten, and be safe. But if he once stepped down to the intimate equality of the Four, the game was evidently up.

TURKEY'S ejection from Europe and the control of the Dardanelles, are questions which refuse to be disassociated. Mr. Hanotaux's article, from *Le Figaro*, revives the old proposal to give maritime control of the Straits to a reorganized Danube Commission. The original Danube Commission owed its existence to the Treaty of Paris of 1856, and was composed, at first, of representatives of Great Britain, France, Austria, Russia, Germany, Italy, and Turkey. Delegates from the interested Balkan States were subsequently added. Originally intended as a temporary organization, commissioned to carry out certain river improvements, its life was extended and its powers were successively modified by subsequent agreements, so that it continued in existence until the outbreak of the war.

Meantime, all the proposals advanced for regulating the political future of the Turkish people, whose home lies on both sides of the Straits, have encountered growing resistance from that nation, which culminated in open rebellion in Asia Minor. The leader of this rebellion, who has become a new national hero for the Turks, is an officer who served with distinction as commander of Turkish armies in Tripoli during the war with Italy, and in Gallipoli, the Caucasus, and Palestine during the recent conflict. He is described in *Der Tag*, by General Liman Von Sanders, who commanded the German forces in Turkey during the war, as 'a man of magnetic personality, tall, slender, blonde, of striking presence, amiable and modest in

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demeanor, but unmistakably clear-headed and resolute.' He was a personal enemy of Enver Pasha, the military dictator of Turkey during the war, and opposed many of the latter's enterprises. He, therefore, gained the reputation of being an enemy of Germany, an imputation which General Von Sanders hastens to deny.

'He is neutral toward other governments, but an ardent Turkish patriot, intent on maintaining the honor and integrity of his country. He is no dreamer. He is backed by a united nation which refuses to consent to extinction. He will not permit an independent Armenia to be thrust like a wedge into the heart of Anatolia, nor will he and his supporters tolerate the annexation of integral parts of the old Turkish territories by the Greeks. Here are the fundamental points at issue in the Turkish National Movement. The Turks are willing to discuss relinquishing Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia . . . but they will never voluntarily consent to an independent Armenia or a Greek province in Asia Minor, to be set up in the very heart of the true Turkish country.'

ALL conflicting currents of political thought in Italy seem to converge in hostility to the Supreme Council at Paris and its decisions. Socialists and clericals both dislike the terms forced upon Austria by the treaty. *Corriere della Sera* reflects the common sentiment of these extremes in its article upon the Vorarlberg decision. That little Alpine province is strongly clerical. It desired to secede from Austria and join Switzerland. Its Swiss neighbors were favorable to such an arrangement. Vienna protested vigorously. The Entente decided that Vorarlberg must retain its Austrian allegiance.

The Italian position is not consistent, for were the people of the old Austrian empire permitted self-determination, Italy would surely have to relinquish some of the annexed portions of Tyrol. There are many motives that incline border districts of the defeated empires to seek union with neighboring neutral or allied countries. They hope thus to escape their share of the heavy indemnities and commercial disabilities which the victors have imposed upon the vanquished. But no evidence exists to show that the people of these border regions were less enthusiastic supporters of the war than the population of the enemy capitals.

JAPAN has not escaped the contagion of radicalism that is making the circuit of the world. It has been affected as acutely by the economic evils following the war as some of its western neighbors. It is experiencing currency inflation, high prices, labor unrest, and middle class discontent. The leaders of the new movement born of these conditions are mostly men unknown in America and Europe. In introducing them to our readers, through the article we republish from the *Japan Chronicle*, we have omitted minor items likely to interest only the residents of the Island Empire. Literary and political Japan constitute a rather narrow social circle, in which personal relations exercise a stronger influence than in a country like our own. Consequently, the history of advanced political thought in Japan is a record of individual opinion, rather than of the movement of the masses.

Kotoku, who is mentioned in the opening sentence of the article, was the leader of a small group of extreme radicals which was broken up by the government about ten years ago. The head of the movement and eleven of his followers were executed for alleged conspiracy against the government;

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and as many more were sentenced to life imprisonment. During the decade that has intervened, Socialism has ceased to be a forbidden subject in Japan, and Socialist theories are now widely discussed and publicly defended. As the article suggests, Socialism in that country has certain odd associations with conservatism and the former feudal régime. The recent rise of capitalism and twentieth century industrialism has given great prestige to the individualist social philosophy of the Occident. But it has driven some conservatist devotees of ancient institutions back to the tenets of state Socialism, which appears in their eyes as a restoration of the original institutions of the country. Yet this peculiar phase does not comprehend the Socialist movement as a whole. That is inspired by German theory, and receives its main support from academic circles and the educated industrial workers of the cities.

LORD GREY'S recent mission to this country has revived interest — if interest ever waned — in one of the most likable figures in English public life. Mr. Fox's popular account of the man who conducted the foreign affairs of the empire during what was perhaps the most critical period in its history, is popular and sympathetic, but it is especially informing because it is so largely in the words of Lord Grey himself.

During the war the British Minister was one of the best hated men in Europe by the people of the enemy powers, and of course he did not escape attack in his own country. Pro-administration writers in Germany represented him as a sort of super-Machiavelli, who had displayed satanic skill and cunning in contriving a belligerent alliance with the rest of Europe, in order to crush England's chief commercial and naval competitor. He was conceived as a hate-sower and the very anthithesis of what his book on the League of Nations — as well as his public life — show him to be. At the same time he had quiet defenders among the Germans, especially such men as Lichnowsky, the Kaiser's former ambassador to London, whose revelations almost silenced for a time even his bitterest assailants.

CORRESPONDENTS who have recently been in Germany continue to disagree as to the rate at which the former empire is recovering economic health. A person revisiting its industrial centres for the first time since before the war, without having witnessed the intervening decline of commerce and manufacturing, may be so shocked by the contrast between the present ruin and the old prosperity as to see no promise of economic restoration. Those who have lived through the experiences of the war and revolution occasionally take a more hopeful view. Industrial conditions, like political conditions, vary observably in different places. Indeed, this is specifically mentioned in Dr. Michaelis's article on the reviving industries of Magdeburg.

Probably the recovery of war-ruined Europe will be relatively slower in large cities and in highly specialized industrial districts than in smaller towns and rural communities. The breakdown of transportation and of the complex business mechanism that makes all the parts of a modern industrial state interdependent, affect less acutely regions where more primitive economic conditions prevail. The war and the revolution added thousands to the floating and refugee population of Europe's great cities. The period of recovery will possibly witness a movement back to the land.

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THE press of Germany, as of most other countries, tells us much of the sentiment and programmes of labor leaders. But we seldom hear directly from the rank and file of the working people. The letter which we publish from a German workingman, appears in a paper which men of his class do not generally read. It may, therefore, represent the views of a very conservative group. But even so, it is a voice from the 'common people'— about whom we hear so much, and from whom we hear so little. And it confirms what we learn from other sources, concerning the ebbing tide of radicalism among them.

THE provisions of the new bill for the government of Ireland are doubtless by this time familiar to our readers. The brief account of its introduction, which we print below, presents an interesting picture of the reception of the project in the Lower House. Evidently it was received with great interest, but with an absence of enthusiasm. Interest was natural in any proposal likely to remove an irritating question from public discussion, but it was combined with the apathy and skepticism due to the past unhappy experiences with legislative remedies for the Irish situation.

WE conclude the political articles of the week with a brief description, taken originally from the Russian newspapers, of conditions in Petrograd, when that city was hardest pressed by the Anti-Bolshevist armies last autumn. Even though bread was lacking, circuses seem to have been provided. The report of a simultaneous social survey of Vienna and Petrograd would make interesting reading.

THE failure of Premier Clemenceau to be elected President of France, may prelude an end to that solidarity of political sentiment of which the recent elections were an evidence. The French journalist, de Maisiére, reporting in *Petit Parisien* an interview which he recently had with Prince Bernhard von Sachsen-Weimar, relates that the Prince asked why France would not surrender the German war prisoners. The journalist replied:

'I know nothing about the case. The war has had a remarkable effect upon France. Before the war, every Frenchman was instinctively hostile to the government. The administration was inevitably his personal enemy. Since the war, we have found something else to criticize and combat. Our government has become our best friend and we agree with everything it does. We don't trouble our heads with useless questions, even when we do not understand the reason for the government's acts; so, if our authorities refuse to give up the war prisoners, we assume it has good reasons, though I do not know personally what they are.'

The past party history of France indicates that the Gallic mind is not likely to remain long in this state of political acquiescence.

AN explanation is due our readers with regard to the dates of the publications from which our articles are taken. The receipt of materials from Germany and former Austria-Hungary is subject to great delay. Our correspondent in Holland speaks of a package from Tubingen having been on the road from April to December before ultimately arriving at the Hague— though of course that is exceptionally long. Our policy is to select from the most recent dailies and weeklies which it is possible to obtain from Europe, after repeated experiment with various channels.

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[*Sozialistische Monatshefte, October 20, 1919*]

THE YEAR OF REVOLUTION

BY LUDWIG QUESSEL

BEFORE summarizing the results of the first year of the revolution we must ask ourselves where we stand at present. The old Germany which we knew in our youth has ceased to exist. It has been consumed in a mighty conflagration that has swept through the entire circuit of the globe. The embers are still glowing; the last lurid glare is still visible. No people, no class, no institution will survive in its previous form.

A new Europe has arisen in whose international councils Germany has a modest place. Deprived of three great provinces and of six million people, bereft of its army, wrecked in its finances, with its productive forces crippled, and burdened with vast obligations to its enemies, it enters a new family of nations under many handicaps. Three great West Slavic governments have meantime appeared in Europe — a greater Poland, a great Czecho-Slovak republic, and a great Serbia have arisen at the cost of Prussia, Austria, and Hungary. This accords with plans laid long in advance by the London foreign office. The future of greater Russia is still unrevealed. England, having adopted a policy identical with that of Bethmann-Hollweg toward the border states of Livonia and Lithuania, will either cut Russia entirely off from the Baltic, or leave it but a narrow corridor of access to that sea.

There is no question, consequently, but what the first year of revolution shows a heavy deficit in respect to foreign relations. However, these losses of population, territory, and property cannot be charged against the revolution itself, because they are consequences of the military defeat of the Imperial Army, and, above all, of the unreasonable and misdirected foreign policy of the old government. The only benefit that the revolution might have brought us, in view of our military overthrow, would have been the unity for which our nation has longed throughout its history. We could have attained this, however, only by a complete reconciliation with the Latin nations. It is generally known that Italy desired to see Austria and Germany joined. France would have withdrawn its opposition if German Socialism had really been willing to go back unreservedly and unhesitatingly to the traditions of its great leaders, Marx and Engels, who always agreed with the French Socialists in regarding Alsace-Lorraine as the inalienable property of France, and who believed the union of these territories with Germany a crime against the common people of Europe. Complete reconciliation with the Latin nations would not only have made it possible to restore the unity of the German people, but it would have removed the danger of losing upper Silesia, which now threatens, because France and Italy are inevitably dependent upon Germany for coal. These two nations could not possibly wish to see new Germany's ability to export coal crippled. The task of the immediate future

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will be to reduce the deficit incurred by our foreign policy during the first year of revolution by an honorable and sincere reconciliation with the Latin nations.

Turning now to the transformation which the past year has brought about in political and social conditions at home, the most striking fact is the blindness of most Germans to the fact that the old order has gone never to reappear, and that a new social system is in process of formation. Not only the middle classes, who have suffered so by the revolution, but even the most radical of our social democrats, who are responsible for that revolution, either hope or fear, according to their respective sympathies, that after a short period of transition everything will be as it was before. But anyone who has taken the trouble to survey the events of this period with the philosophic calm of the historical and social student, and whose mind is unclouded by party controversy, will see at once that the old political and social order cannot come back, because both the war and the revolution coöperated to destroy them completely. They have lost their physical resources and their intellectual prestige. We are justified in saying that the masses are unable to restore the old order, no matter how bitterly disappointed they may be in the new, because they have had a glimpse behind the scenes of the ancient system. They all perceive now how the Imperial Government vacillated, bereft of steady counsel, between a desire for peace and greed for new territories. They have seen what they used to regard as the wise heads of the foreign office hesitating irresolutely between an Anglo-Saxon and a Russian policy. Their old faith in the infallibility of their military leaders has been destroyed by the obvious and puerile blunders of the war. They have witnessed how the heads of dynasties wrangled over the crowns of Courland, Lithuania, and Poland, on the very eve of the revolution that overturned their thrones. A nation that has seen the powerful tremble, the wise fail in counsel, the infallible blunder, and the exalted in rank grovel in undignified strife, will never turn back again to a form of government of which these institutions were the pillars. They will not do so, even though they recognize that they themselves lack the moral qualities required to guide their own destiny.

In the same way that the war and the revolution have destroyed the sentiments and beliefs essential for a restoration of the old political system, so have they destroyed the bases for a reconstruction of the old economic system. It is mere folly for the captains of industry to think that the former labor discipline can be restored by reviving the submission of the working people to the arbitrary authority of employers. A generation which has spent four years in constant danger of its life, and that has lived through a world catastrophe, cannot be reduced again to its former subordination. The only possible outcome is some new organization of productive labor, which will not do violence to self-respect and human dignity, but will be impersonal and more or less automatic, and will govern the employer as well as the employee.

The physical structure of the old productive system has been transformed as completely as its intellectual structure. It will have to be rebuilt upon an entirely new basis, to conform with the changes in organization to which we have just referred. This is not because the Germans despise and hate everything that is old, but because the old has passed away of its own weakness and decadence, so that there

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is no alternative but to build anew, on a new plan and with new materials.

This is a vital truth — a new form of society is in process of formation, notwithstanding the doubts of our workingmen and citizens. Our books and newspapers are filled with arguments to show that the revolution has made no material change. They take this position: 'You say a new social order has arrived. We do not see it. All we see is misery and distress. Can you not observe how wealth displays itself in public, how smugglers and the speculators exult over their gains? Then turn your glance to the war invalids and the discharged soldiers unable to find employment. Where is the gratitude of the nation? Is this your new social order?'

No one can deny that these objections are well taken and not to be lightly dismissed. They point to another deficit of the revolution. But would anyone expect that a new social order, emerging from an ocean of blood and ruin, could at once restore the well-being of the multitude? Did not the destruction of the Feudal System of France, in 1789, spread famine throughout the entire country? Was not 1783 — the decisive year of the revolution — a harvest season for smugglers and speculators? The long queues that then stood in front of the bakers' shops in Paris, and the proceedings of the revolutionary tribunals, give an unambiguous answer. The arguments of those impatient radicals who deny our contention that the old order is dead and that a new and better era is dawning, touch only the surface of the situation. They are valid as a criticism of the revolution, but they do not affect the fact that old Germany cannot come back, because something different and new is taking its place.

The existence of the new order is not denied by more conservative circles, but that order is bitterly criticized. It is hard to say what the great voiceless multitude that does not print books and publish newspapers really feels and thinks. But a man who listens to the conversations on the train, in the waiting rooms of the stations, in the taverns, and upon the streets, knows that the common people are passionate and bitter critics of the revolution and that they regard its outcome as a failure. This great voiceless mass, whose deciding votes turn every election, demands of the Socialist parties: 'Where are the blessings you promised? We do not see them. All that we do see is revolt, disinclination to labor, silent workshops, disorganized traffic, dirty streets, ruined houses, untidy dwellings. The characteristics of your new order were to be joyous, willing industry. Where is it? You were to substitute unselfish service in place of the thirst for gain. Have you done that? Are not people more self-centred and selfish than ever before? Do not the war profits mount up? Do not the propertied classes insist more vehemently upon their rights than ever? You speak of liberty. Where is it? In place of submission to authority we have license. Old age chatters of the past, youth revels in the empty, high-sounding phrases of the revolution. What are the practical advantages of this? Where is the moral regeneration you ascribed to socialism? We see nothing of it — we doubt if there is such a thing.'

We hear these criticisms rising louder and louder as the days pass, from the masses who do not own property, but whose sympathies lie with the bourgeois democracy, and the clericals. Their estimate of the revolution, however, overlooks the fact that all great crises in history have promised at the moment more than they could deliver, and that periods of transition in which

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old moral standards are shattered are almost always periods of ethical decadence until a new morality has established itself in the hearts and minds of the masses.

The criticism which the champions of the old régime direct against the revolution is as monotonous as it is uninspiring. It is merely a repetition of the old charge that the revolutionists stabbed our victorious armies in the back. That is a myth, as every intelligent man in Germany knows. People abroad go so far as to deny the reality of any revolution in Germany, and characterize the overthrow that we call by that name as the general strike of a whipped army. Indeed, it was not until Ludendorff's defeat was obvious to everyone, that the spirit of the German army was shaken. It was only when our troops saw that Ludendorff, in spite of the numerical superiority which he possessed in the spring of 1918, was not able to win a victory, that their confidence wavered. That result was unavoidable. When the second retreat from the Marne began, a million German soldiers were already buried in the soil of France. Our men could not look in any direction without seeing the ominous arms of German crosses extended over the graves of their comrades. The ravaged forests stretched their withered arms to heaven, ruined cities and villages reproached them with the fixed and silent eyes of death. This whole region of devastation and bloodshed framed the memories of four years, during which they had cowered in dugouts and trenches, exposed to artillery fire and poisonous gases and bayonet attacks. And they saw no end to this misery. Meantime, reports were coming that at home the war profiteers were dancing a mad dance around the golden calf of gain. Naturally, hate rose in their hearts. And then came the end. The firebrand of military revolt sped like the wind along our entire front, and the whole military structure collapsed in a night. We need not stop to argue that the balance of the first year of revolution is not what the representatives of the old régime assert. In October, 1918, there was no victorious army which the revolution could stab in the back. It is true, however, that the German revolution at the outset was a general strike of a hopelessly conquered army against the madness of its leaders, who were ready to send new hecatombs of victims to the sacrifice of battle.

A cool-headed, objective, unpartisan estimate of what the first year of revolution has brought us will set first on the debit side the fearful decline in coal production. Instead of one hundred and ninety million tons, which was the normal annual output before the war, we have raised only seventy million tons the present year. The loss of the Saar Basin, which is the subject of so much violent discussion, accounts for only twelve million tons of this decline. To be sure, the falling off of output is not solely due to the revolution. When Ludendorff started his great offensive in the West, he did not spare the miners. Many of them have fallen at the front; others have returned to their homes as cripples and invalids. The speedy recovery of our labor resources was not to be expected, for mining is a highly skilled vocation. In addition, throughout the war, mechanical facilities for working the mines steadily grew worse. Precautions for the safety of the workers were neglected. The physical labor required to win a ton of coal, and the danger incurred in so doing, both increased. All these influences combined to lessen the output per worker during the war, in spite of the fact that hope of victory, and the stern discipline of our military

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masters, were concentrated upon increasing production to the utmost. Both the hope of victory and the fear of authority vanished together when the imperial armies collapsed. Naturally, there was a great reaction. The authority of employers over their men was destroyed. The miners fixed their own tasks and made them easy. Their personal interest was preferred to the interest of the community. The revolution has found no means of moral suasion to prevent a miner's daily output declining from eighteen hundred kilos to one thousand kilos. The dogma that socialist labor is labor for the common weal found no acceptance in the coal regions.

The worst conditions prevail in Upper Silesia. Things are still boiling there as in a witch's caldron. Bolshevist propaganda to destroy everything is allied with Polish propaganda for national ends. Both aim to stop the mines in order to enforce their demands. It is no miracle, therefore, that production in that region has practically ceased. But strikes follow close on the heels of strikes even in the Ruhr district, the richest coal region of the continent. There is no such sense of duty among miners, as we find, for instance, among physicians, who risk their lives and exhaust their strength without self-regard, in a period of epidemic. A purely selfish insistence upon a six-hour day and a correspondingly small daily output, which might be defended, perhaps, under different circumstances, has supplanted all regard for the general welfare among this class of workers.

Another entry to the debit account of the revolution is our disorganized system of transportation. That disorganization cannot be attributed alone to our having delivered five thousand locomotives and thirty thousand freight cars to the Allies. Disinclination to work is responsible for our troubles in this instance also. In contrast with the coal mines, our railways and our repair shops have plenty of labor. We must consider, however, that the use of substitute materials has been a great handicap. We have been further hampered by losing so much of our rolling stock to the Ukraine, Poland, Lithuania, and Courland. It is lamentable that we did not bring back our trains and locomotives from those regions when it was possible, and that we have had to wait until the Entente brought strong pressure to bear before evacuating Livonia. While factory after factory stood idle in Germany for want of coal and cars, we were providing munitions and food for an entire army in Courland, which might have been withdrawn and disbanded within a few weeks of the armistice.

One hopeful feature of the situation is that the spirit of industry is reviving gradually in the country districts and in small and medium-sized towns. Complaints of indifference to their duties on the part of workers have nearly ceased in the porcelain and glass works, toy factories, piano factories, and many chemical establishments. It seems safe to say that if we could get our coal output up to the normal once more, our export trade, so far as it depends on native raw materials, would soon revive.

A very serious debit item is the decline of foreign exchange. Although the flood of German paper money that has set back into the country from the territories beyond our own borders formerly occupied by our armies, and the flight of war profits to other lands, are due rather to the war than to the revolution, yet the latter must bear part of the blame for the situation. Decline in foreign exchange is partly due to our wavering foreign policy. We seem, strangely enough, to have

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assumed that when we stopped trying to exculpate Germany for starting the war, and frankly acknowledged our responsibility, we had reformed all our relations with the outer world.

The most important item to the credit of the first year of revolution is the establishment of a Democratic republic. And, indeed, if we believe with Friedrich Engels, that the laboring classes can rise to power only under a democratic form of government, and that such an organization of the state is the direct prelude to the rule of the proletariat, we shall estimate this the greatest achievement of the year. The other items to the credit of the revolution are the eight-hour day, employment relief, and preliminary steps toward socializing coal mines, electric power, and match manufacturing. To the revolution is also due the enormous advance in wages, the full benefit of which, for the working classes, will be deferred until our foreign exchange declines. However, we have actually succeeded in making the compensation of manual labor nearly equal compensation for intellectual labor. Most of our working people now receive an annual income exceeding five thousand marks, and are, therefore, better off than a capitalist living upon the income derived from an investment of one hundred thousand marks.

Our 'Majority Socialists' are mostly skeptical as to the value of the Soviet idea. They are not unhappy over the fact that the Soviet principle has practically no achievements to show during the first year of the revolution. We should bear in mind, however, that the vast majority of those who champion the Soviets do not understand the essential principles of the system. We have explained repeatedly that that idea at bottom merely means a demand for the representation of the people at large in the control of production. The whole system has been prejudiced by its association with Bolshevism. Our 'Majority Socialists' are singularly blind to the great intellectual revival among the people and to the new attitude they are assuming toward many social problems. This explains why many of our younger workers are seceding from the older group; and why our orthodox socialist ministers seem so bourgeois to their followers and encounter so much distrust among the rank and file of the party.

No matter how liberal the valuation placed upon the credit items of the revolution, we shall all have to acknowledge that the year closes with a debit balance which must be made up by subsequent achievements. We are confident that this will be accomplished. The rise of a new social system should not be confounded with a mere class insurrection. It is a slow process, still in its first stages. During the first year of revolution, the German people have been like a man following an unknown path through the darkness up a steep mountain. As he travels toward the East, instead of the dawn he seeks he sees before him for a time only deeper darkness. But they who have faith know that the sunrise will ultimately come.

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[*The Manchester Guardian, December 27, 1919*]

PEACE AND FAMINE

MR. J. M. KEYNES was the most important of the advisers of the most important of the governments represented in the great Conference of Paris. An economist of high repute, he was taken into the Treasury during the war, and the reputation to which he owed his selection for this special employment was so much enhanced that he was chosen to speak for that department when the Allies met to arrange the terms of peace. He took the leading part in the long and difficult deliberations over reparation that occupied so much of the time of the Big Four, and he sat in Mr. Bonar Law's place at the Supreme Economic Council when the Chancellor could not attend. He resigned when the policy of the Conference took a course that seemed to him fatal and irrevocable.

The publication of this book* is, therefore, not merely an act of conspicuous courage and public spirit; it is an infinitely more important event than any speech that has been made on the peace by any of its authors. He tells us what he thinks; they tell us what they force themselves to think. As a piece of literature it is beyond praise; if many economists had his wit, his eloquence, his easy address in stating and analyzing confused and intricate problems, their science would never have been called dismal. His portraits of the three chief figures are masterpieces. But the book which would live by these qualities alone is yet more valuable, because it tells the world how the peace looks to the best minds that were engaged on its problems. Its appearance is a political event of great moment, for it gives to all the men and women who know that Europe has gone wrong at this crisis in her history clear and definite guidance on the measures that can and should be taken to retrieve these errors so far as it is still possible to retrieve them.

A story was going round Paris last spring of a famous dialogue between Lord Robert Cecil and one of the most intransigeant of his French colleagues. 'You want to destroy Germany, and you want at the same time to enrich France,' said Lord Robert. 'Unfortunately, revenge and avarice are in this case incompatible.' A good part of Mr. Keynes's book is really the demonstration and illustration of this thesis. The peace ruins Germany, and at the same time it promises to the Entente Powers an indemnity which is not put into figures in the treaty, but is meant to correspond in the public mind to the fantastic sums that were named on Coalition platforms a year ago. Now it is a simple thing to ruin Germany, but to ruin Germany or any other industrial state without ruining her neighbors is a less simple or straightforward matter; to ruin her and then to bleed her is the dream of a madman. The peace in its present form satisfies the desire for vengeance at the cost of the welfare of the world; it is not tenderness for Germany but care for mankind that makes every reasonable man condemn it when he realizes its character.

Not, of course, that this is the only standard. Peace was promised on certain terms. Mr. Keynes's comparison of the terms on which the armistice

* *The Economic Consequences of the Peace.* By John Maynard Keynes. London: Macmillan & Co. 279 pages, 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

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was arranged with the terms of the treaty will not be read by any self-respecting Englishman without acute discomfort. Those of us who were following the proceedings from the outside regarded the moment when the President was brought to accept the charge for separation allowances as falling within the reparation which the armistice terms recognized as the most definite moment of capitulation. It is interesting to see that this is Mr. Keynes's view. His analysis of the casuistical processes by which the more subtle minds of his colleagues persuaded the President that his words meant less and less until they came to mean nothing at all makes one wish that we had similarly intimate pictures of the play of character in other great debates in the history of the world. As a human drama it is an absorbing spectacle. But for us Englishmen, whose reputation for centuries will depend on these events, the history of these transactions is a painful exhibition of the easy transitions by which a nation that started with lofty scruples and high-minded ideals may be brought by its leaders into a fatal compromise of all its principles.

Why did the treaty go wrong? The leading cause is given in a passage toward the end of Mr. Keynes's book.

> It is an extraordinary fact that the fundamental economic problem of a Europe starving and disintegrating before their eyes was the one question in which it was impossible to arouse the interest of the Four. Reparation was their main excursion into the economic field, and they settled it as a problem of theology, of politics, of electoral chicane, from every point of view except that of the economic future of the states whose destiny they were handling.

This problem was pressed on the Four by their most competent advisers. If America can claim credit for Mr. Hoover, we may remember with some satisfaction in this dark hour when famine is no longer a shadow on the horizon, when whole peoples are dying because the great statesmen who met in the President's mansion had no time for such trifles, that Sir William Goode, Sir William Beveridge, and Mr. Keynes himself, to mention only some of the British Staff, were not less insistent on the urgency of this problem. French sentiment never forgave the President his reluctance to visit the devastated districts. That was one of his capital mistakes. But he and Mr. Lloyd George made a greater, for if they had seen with their own eyes the misery of the world of Central and Eastern Europe, with whose calamities they were toying, these advisers would not have been put on one side, nor would General Smuts and Lord Robert Cecil have pleaded in vain with the masters of the fate of Europe.

Mr. Keynes shows in detail that the economic losses inflicted upon Germany make it absolutely impossible for her to carry out the terms of the treaty. Her economic outlawry is complete, and she becomes the absolute vassal of the Reparation Commission. She has to pay not a fixed indemnity but an indeterminate sum, and the arrangements imposed on her treat her as an estate in bankruptcy, to be administered by a foreign and a hostile body. Could anybody have read such a savage punishment into the conditions of the armistice? After a careful estimate of her liabilities, which he puts at £8,000,000,000, Mr. Keynes gives us the following picture of Germany's position.

> On the assumption that Germany cannot pay more than £150,000,000 annually until 1936 (that is 5 per cent interest on £3,000,000,000), the £5,000,000,000 on which interest is deferred will have risen to £10,000,000,000, carrying an annual interest charge of £500,000,000. That is to say, even if Germany pays £150,000,000 annually up to 1936, she will, nevertheless, owe us at that date more than half as much again

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as she does now (£13,000,000,000, as compared with £8,000,000,000). From 1936 onward she will have to pay us £650,000,000 annually in order to keep pace with the interest alone. At the end of any year in which she pays less than this sum she will owe more than she did at the beginning of it.

And the state which is seriously expected to make these payments is first to be passed through every process that can impoverish her or obstruct her development. She loses 60,000,000 tons of coal by territorial changes, and she is to be compelled to export 45,000,000 tons by way of reparation to France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Italy. Even if her production is maintained she will only have 60,000,000 tons of coal for her own requirements, whereas she will need nearly twice that amount to keep her industries and railways going. This is only one way in which Germany will be crippled. That she must suffer and that she ought to suffer nobody doubts, but the amazing thing is that the Paris politicians can pretend to think that after reducing her industrial efficiency by every means they can devise they can still draw as much wealth from her as if she were in the heyday of her industrial prosperity.

Why was the sum that Germany was to pay left indeterminate? The answer is no longer a secret. Week after week the Big Four wrangled over the share that France and England were to take. Mr. Lloyd George did not dare to tell the British electorate, who had been told that the whole cost of the war could be got out of Germany, that they had been deceived by their government at the December election. M. Clemenceau did not dare to mention a figure to his countrymen, because no figure that could be stated would come up to their expectations. It looked as if the treaty must wait indefinitely. Then a happy thought struck these statesmen. Let us name no figure at all, but let us draw up categories of obligation, make Germany accept them, and then go on year after year taking whatever we can get out of her.

In other words, the fate of the peace was sealed when Mr. Lloyd George decided to make the indemnity the election cry, for he went to Paris the prisoner of the most reckless pledges ever given by a statesman. In December he could have saved Europe. He could have asked the British people, who had made such sacrifices for a great cause, to make yet another. He could have arranged with America for the canceling of foreign war debts, an act that would have helped France and Italy infinitely more than any indemnity they can get out of Germany. He could have worked with America on the lines of Mr. Hoover, for the economic restoration of Europe. He would have conferred an immense benefit on his own country by helping Europe to her feet, by renouncing any claim for reparation until France and Belgium had been indemnified, by fixing a definite sum for Germany to pay and a sum that Germany could pay, and by joining in an international loan to set industry going again throughout the world. England loses more, taking the lowest consideration, by the interruption of the trade of the world than she can gain by any reparation she can ever receive.

Mr. Keynes makes a series of proposals at the end of his book. He would put the amount to be paid by Germany at 2,000,000,000 and he would count the surrender of warships, submarine cables, war material, state property in ceded territory, and Germany's claims against her former allies at 500,000,000. The remaining 1,500,000,000 should be paid in 30 annual installments of 50,000,000, and

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Germany should choose her own way of meeting this annual charge. He would modify or rearrange the conditions about coal in such a way as to permit the continuance of Germany's industrial life. He would establish a Free Trade Union under the auspices of the League of Nations, and compel Germany, Poland, the new states which formerly composed the Austro-Hungarian and Turkish Empires, and the mandated states to join this union for ten years.

These proposals, he considers, would 'do something appreciable to enable the industrial populations of Europe to continue to earn a livelihood.' But more than this is needed. Inter-Allied debts should be forgiven. This is asking a sacrifice of the United States, but her sacrifices in the war have been conspicuously lighter than those of her European allies. Further, for the immediate needs of Europe he proposes an international loan. But all this programme depends on the abandonment of the spirit and policy that have brought Europe to the brink of ruin. Mr. Keynes's book should be studied with care by all the politicians who may find themselves called on in a year or two to rescue the world from the consequences of the catastrophe of Paris. It gives a definite and reasoned policy to the forces of democracy in this country, in America, and in Europe as a whole.

[*Le Figaro, December 26, 1919*]

THE QUESTION OF THE DARDANELLES

BY GABRIEL HANOTAUX

WE are not yet informed of the outcome of the negotiations initiated in London by Clemenceau, and continued by Berthelot, upon the ultimate fate of Turkey; but of course we are well aware that the question of the Dardanelles is of first importance. Mr. Lloyd George has given the view of the British Government to Parliament: the Sultan proved an untrustworthy porter, so we deprived him of the office which he had proved incompetent to fill, or, better said, which he had betrayed.

This settles the purely negative aspect of the question. But how are we to deal with the positive aspect? In other words, if the Sultan is to lose his territorial sovereignty and cease to be the guardian of the Straits, who is to take his place?

This question has remained unsolved ever since the Turks established themselves in Europe, and Russia extended its borders to the Black Sea. Its general importance to all nations makes this question the axis upon which the whole problem of the Far East revolved. Considered solely as a question of territory, it runs tangent to the entire Balkan problem. In its relation to the continent of Asia, it is a vital factor in the foreign policy of the whole civilized world. Considered as a purely maritime problem, it determines control of

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ocean traffic throughout the Black Sea and the eastern Mediterranean. The Straits are an indispensable link in the great water route which has its beginning at the sources of the Danube, Dnieper, and the Don, and extends to the point where the Red Sea joins the Indian Ocean.

Any decision affecting this great international highway is a matter of vital interest to Russia, Austria-Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Bulgaria, European Turkey (if it survives), Asiatic Turkey, and all the nations of the Levant and Northern Africa. We may even say that our present decisions will affect profoundly the future of every country bordering on the Mediterranean.

England and France are called upon to take the initiative in a problem of such importance. In the first place, ever since the Crimean War, France and England have assumed heavy responsibilities and incurred great risks in order to protect the freedom of the Straits. In the second place, France and England after their recent victories in Europe and Asia represent a union of authority and responsibility which makes it their duty to the whole civilized world to settle once for all this problem.

Allowing for all this, however, it would violate other principles, for which we fought during the war and which we have defended during the peace negotiations, were we to disregard the other Powers, large and small, who are interested, like ourselves, in the commerce controlled by the Straits.

This is a point upon which Mr. Venizelos has made the facts plain, with a frankness and definiteness that are characteristic of his direct and forceful temper. He says in an interview which has all the weight of a diplomatic communication.

> Mr. Lloyd George has already said that the Turks have been unfaithful porters. The Greeks are more interested than any others in having a competent and faithful guardian at Constantinople. You are well aware that Greece wants an international commission. The control of the portal to the countries of the Near East should be shared by all the parties interested.

It is hardly likely that Mr. Venizelos would have been so explicit, had he not taken the usual precaution of consulting beforehand with the other governments interested. In demanding an international commission, he is doubtless voicing the wishes of other powers. A matter of such importance for the Mediterranean countries surely could not be disposed of without consulting Italy. The *Giornale d'Italia* says, not without humor:

> France will come back to us sometime, smiling as graciously as she did in 1914–15, and again intoning a chant to a Latin alliance. In the interval, however, the fate of Constantinople, of Asia Minor, and of Syria is being settled without consulting Italy, and we are called upon to sacrifice all our aspirations in that region.

Let us not attach too much seriousness to this hint, nor shape our government policies in accordance with a political whim. However, we are placing our finger right here upon one of those imponderable influences in international affairs that ought never to be neglected. It is hardly necessary to say that we are encroaching upon a field that is not exclusively our own.

France is deeply interested in defending the rights of the smaller Powers without losing sight of its good relations with those more powerful allies to whom it is bound by considerations affecting its own existence.

Here is the difficulty. As the whole world knows, the friendship between France and Britain must be our first consideration: that determines everything. But this friendship is not neces-

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sarily incompatible with our good relations to other Powers. In a word, we ought to consider the situation from all its aspects.

Without making any assumptions as to what the negotiations of our statesman may ultimately reveal, I am moved to ask if an equitable and practicable solution of the problem of the Dardanelles cannot be found in a proposal which I made a long time ago, concerning which memoranda ought to exist in the archives of the Russian and Roumanian governments. Appreciating that the question was insoluble so long as the Sultan possessed exclusive suzerainty over the Straits, I attempted to discuss this as a separate question from the general problem of the Near East. What I proposed was an arrangement similar to that adopted to regulate the navigation of the mouth of the Danube. In other words, I proposed an international agreement enforced by an international commission, following closely the precedents that had proved successful in the instance just cited.

I suggested that the powers entrusted to the Danube Commission should be amplified and extended to the Bosporus and Dardanelles. I urged that history, like nature, should do nothing by leaps. I proposed a simple adaptation and development of a method that had already stood the test.

I hardly need add that, in making such an arrangement, we should take into account the relative importance of various national interests. England, occupying a unique position as a maritime power, and charged with the government of vast territories interested in this commerce, and vitally dependent as she is upon her naval predominance, should have a correspondingly influential place on the commission. In any question of this sort England must take precedence. We must allot authority throughout in accordance with the obligations and power of the different parties to the agreement.

But the other governments should also have their places in the sun. It is prudent, just, and proper that we should not permit resentment, bitterness, discontent, and disappointment in regard to ambitions directed toward perfectly legitimate objects, to impair the future good feeling of nations. If we do, there will unavoidably come a day when these repressed forces will produce a disastrous explosion. I have no doubt but that our diplomats have pondered all these things. Their portfolios are stuffed with solutions of the Near East problem — they are as numerous as the good intentions that pave the path to the nether regions.

It is now time that we should address ourselves to a solution in which France shall assume its natural rôle of a sagacious and reasonable mediator. It has never had a more favorable opportunity. Furthermore, if we are to believe history, the peace of the Mediterranean, which is the same as saying the peace of the world, depends upon a just and final solution of the question of the Dardanelles.

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[*Frankfurter Zeitung, November 4, 1919*]

THE NEW NATIONAL MOVEMENT IN TURKEY

THE cabinet of Ali Riza Pasha is the fifth within less than a year, or since the Entente concluded an armistice with Turkey. The new Grand Vizier has speedily learned that in spite of the solemn ceremonial with which he was inducted into office in the historical palace of the High Port, his real authority is naught. No Turkish opposition party such as he represents has real strength or an effective organization. The only reason it is nominally in power is because the rifles of the Entente soldiers and the cannon of the Entente navy are behind it. Beyond the range of these guns, the present Turkish government has no authority. It is a silly fiction to suppose that the Young Turk party vanished from the face of the earth as soon as the allied troops made their triumphal entry into Constantinople. Although most of the prominent leaders were speedily arrested and immured in English prisons at Malta, or else escaped to foreign countries, the party is just as well disciplined and just as determined as ever. Blunders of the victors, who are utterly ignorant of Turkish psychology, quickly made the Ottoman people forget the mistakes of the Young Turks.

The national movement, which began to crystallize little by little in Anatolia early in the year, has become exceedingly powerful and now involves practically the whole Mohammedan population. We must regard this renaissance of an unjustly depreciated nation with mingled envy and respect. It rejects resolutely the terms dictated by the Entente, which contemplated the annihilation of the Ottoman Empire. The extraordinary success of the revolt in Anatolia, led by General Mustafa Kemel and Captain Ref Bey, would be incomprehensible were it not for the support of practically the entire population of Asia Minor. The repeated fulminations of the Sultan against the Anatolian rebels fall on deaf ears. Or, rather, they have deprived the Sultan of much of the prestige he formerly enjoyed, and have made his influence negligible.

Mustafa Kemel is directing his first attention to the Greeks. This reacts upon the European provinces of Turkey where the Greeks have been exposed to serious attacks. Right under the eyes of the Entente, a vendetta has started which is visiting vengeance on the resident Greek population, in retaliation for the ambitious pretentions to Turkish territories advanced by Venizelos. Assassinations in Thrace are reported daily. They have become so numerous recently that the Greek bishops presented themselves in Constantinople asking Entente protection for their people.

The complaints of the Greeks, whose barbarous proceedings when they occupied Smyrna were the first cause for the passionate hatred which the Turks now bear them, seem to have enlightened the Entente as to the true inwardness of the situation. The allied authorities at Constantinople are no longer captivated with the Utopian plans of the Athenian politicians, which looked so glorious to them a year ago. The recent change of ministry is sufficient proof of that. The old cabinet was devoted to France and indirectly favorable to Greece. It fell in spite of that. When the Turkish delegation to the Peace Conference at Paris came back practically in disgrace, the days of the old cabinet were numbered. France was not able to keep its friends in power. Now that country has sacrificed what little popularity it retained by its attitude

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toward the pretentions of Venizelos.

This is the situation behind the recent change in the Turkish cabinet. It was due to the increasing power of General Mustafa Kemel, who insisted on the retirement of the old premier. To be sure, the new cabinet does not consist of active champions of the young Turk party. But it is composed of men at heart in sympathy with them. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, who is very pro-English, will probably bridge over the gulf between the Allies and the new movement.

We have already pointed out that General Mustafa Kemel will not consider negotiating unless Turkey's wishes in regard to the occupation of the Province of Smyrna are complied with. London pretends to find this condition impossible; but those who are most intimate with the situation, and with English politics, are not greatly impressed by that attitude. The English are always guided by practical considerations. They would have to bear the entire expense of a war in Anatolia; for America shows no disposition to accept the Armenian mandate. Mustafa Kemel would, consequently, force England to increase its armies on every front in Asiatic Turkey and on the Dardanelles, without any prospect of gaining practical advantages in return. The English have not yet decided what path they will take to escape from the Greek dilemma. The tone of the Greek press is far less confident than it was a few months ago — a fact which indicates that England is considering a reconciliation with the Anatolian insurgents.

[*Corriere della Sera, December 19, 1919*]

AUSTRIA IN EXTREMIS

It is no secret that the Austria created by the Treaty of Versailles and Saint-Germain was from the outset an abortion. This republic of Germans forbidden to call themselves Germans, this imperial Capital without an empire, this highway without entrance or exit, this marketplace without merchandise, was merely a fiction of the cartographers — a dead dummy of the diplomats. If the Supreme Council had recalled that we fought the war in order that nations might determine their own destiny, they would have solved the problem justly and easily by permitting the Germans of Austria to join the Germans of the North. But the Supreme Council fancied that as soon as the solemn ceremonies were over it could deride the saints to its heart's content, and that the ideals and principles it had previously professed might be treated like a sword, with the hilt in the hand of the conqueror and the point at the throat of the vanquished. This was a tragic error.

The proof in case of Austria is so dramatic as to verge on the grotesque. That country does not rebel nor threaten. It signs anything you place before it with a sardonic good nature that has tested to the limit the wisdom of the Supreme Council. The one thing certain is that the Austria thus created cannot survive. It is an artificial creation imposed on the world in defiance of history, geography, economic necessity and common sense. You can ask anything of Austria except that it exist. The Supreme Council forced upon it Article 80 of the Treaty of Versailles which prevented its uniting with Germany. Austria accepted the condition but refuses to live. The Supreme Council forces it to accept Article 88 of the Treaty of Saint Germain which forbids its joining any other government and compels it to languish in monastic isolation. Austria signs, but it refuses to exist. So, little by little, one after

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another, its constituent parts begin to fall away, like the ornaments of a building whose foundations are collapsing.

Vorarlberg is the first example of this new centrifugalism. It desires to join Switzerland. Tyrol and Salzburg incline toward Germany. They fancy that the fractions may do what is prohibited for the country as a whole. So the Supreme Council has had to interfere and carefully replace in their original position the fallen fragments of the ruined edifice. But that does not make the building more inhabitable. How sardonic is the revenge of brute facts! The Allies must feed and support their creation. It is not vanquished Austria that must pay indemnities to the conqueror, but it is the conquerors that must pay indemnity daily for the joy of witnessing their own ugly work.

Renner, the honey-tongued chancellor, is agreeable to anything. He would like to see a Danube confederation or a semi-Danube confederation, embracing Prague, Vienna, and Belgrade, providing the Supreme Council deigns to permit it. But the Supreme Council, though it delighted with almost every bizarre political conglomeration that has been brought to its attention, does not like this one. We may except England from the charge, provided we are right in assuming that Sir George Clark represents the official views of that country. Italy will hear nothing of such a combination. Our government has at last resolved to be frank and says bluntly that the isolation of Austria from the countries which border upon it must be not only political but also economic. France is sure that it sees through the trick. Since the Danube rises in Germany any Danube confederation will be Germany's creature. So we are to have neither a union of the Austrians and Germans nor a Danube confederation. The hostility of some allies to the former proposal, and of others to the latter, has resulted in a policy of political nihilism. Austria must stand absolutely alone. Though this is impossible the Supreme Council refuses to see the fact. Have the men who rule in Paris nothing better to do than this? Is it possible that within a year of the end of the war the Great Powers are able to agree only upon those policies which betray and deny all the ideals for which the war was fought? The decision of the Supreme Council is unbelievable. Without ceremony, without mincing words, without even that grace of shame which masks injustice with hypocrisy, the Supreme Council decides that neither Austria nor any of its provinces — neither Vorarlberg, nor Tyrol, nor Salzburg — shall have the right of self-determination. It takes the position that wherever the right of popular decision is not expressly granted in the protocols, the exercise of such a right is a direct violation of the peace agreement.

We might have understood such a prohibition if issued by the Congress of Vienna. That body recognized a Divine right superior to the rights of the people. But what right is there which the Supreme Council recognizes?

Articles 80 and 88 might be tolerated merely as transitory measures subject to eventual revision by the League of Nations. The new decree omits any reference to such an appeal. The torture imposed upon Austria is to continue indefinitely. The Supreme Council acts as though a frank conference of all the powers desiring to enter a League of Nations were by tacit consent postponed indefinitely and as if the government of nations was to be vested forever in the impassive blockheads at Paris and the blind forces beneath the surface of society that threaten civilization.

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[*The Japan Chronicle, October 23, 1919*]

SOCIALISM IN JAPAN

In spite of the bad repute into which, among all conservative people, Socialists in Japan fell after the wholesale execution and imprisonment of Kotoku and his following, in spite of the vigilant efforts of the government to check their activities, and in spite of some of their influential representatives having been forced to retire into an inactive obscurity, the Socialist leaven is fast spreading, now that labor is asserting its rights in so bold, and sometimes so reckless, a manner. At this juncture, it may be of interest to pass in review the more prominent Socialists in Japan on the basis of information gathered from various sources, including, in particular, *Yuben* (Eloquence) for October and the *Chuo Koron* (Central Review) for July. Chief among those who openly profess Socialism are the men and women belonging to the three groups of the *Shin Shakwai* (New Society), the *Baibun-sha* (Hackwriters' Club), and the *Roso-kai* (Old and Young Society). Individually, there are Mr. Yano Fumio and Professor Abe Isoo, two elderly gentlemen who soar serene above the turbulent rank and file of the younger Socialists, Mr. Osugi Sakae, well known for his naughty behavior toward public procurators and policemen, Mr. Arahata Koson, who has lately often come to public notice because of his police-interrupted lectures on labor problems, and others.

The *Baibun-sha* was originally a business partnership, as its name, which means literally writing-selling office, suggests, but it soon became a centre and club of Socialists. Two of the leaders, Messrs. Sakai and Yamakawa, left the club last spring, carrying with them the magazine, *New Society*, which it had been publishing. Mr. Takahata and his sympathizers remained where they were, and started a new monthly organ, *Kokka Shakwai Shugi*, or *National Socialism*.

Mr. Sakai is a man of somewhat over fifty. Quiet and shy, he would be more in his element as editor of a home journal, which he formerly was, than as a leader of militant Socialism. He coöperates with Mr. Yamakawa in editing the *New Society*, besides writing copiously in another Socialist magazine of the name of *Shakwai Shugi Kenkyu* (Study of Socialism) and contributing to many magazines. At the rate at which he is now supplying the literary market, he must be making a good income. The same remark holds good of other writers of the same tendencies. Never before have their writings been in so great a demand as they now are.

Mr. Takahata has been repeatedly mentioned in the *Japan Chronicle* as an able expositor and translator of Marx's writings. He was formerly a Christian pastor. Mrs. Yamakama is also a well-known writer on Socialist lines.

The *Baibun-sha* section seems to be more closely connected with the Roso-kai, while the New Society men are more intimately concerned in the *Heimin Daigaku* (Commoners' University), which, besides publishing the purely scientific Socialist magazine, *Study of Socialism*, gives an occasional series of lectures by prominent Socialists. We have had on several occasions to report the dissolution of lecture meetings at this 'university,' over one

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hundred policemen being sometimes employed to disperse a little audience of thirty or so.

The *Roso-kai* (Old and Young Society) is a group of Imperial or national Socialists with the staff of the magazine *Dai Nihon* (Great Japan) for its centre. Mr. Kawashima Seijiro, the editor of the magazine, was formerly on the *Niroku* newspaper and is known as a great authority on naval topics. He is not a very radical Socialist, contenting himself as he does with advocating the nationalization of land.

'To establish Socialism in Japan under the Imperial standard of brocade,' is his favorite phrase — an essay in 'harmonization,' indeed. The society meets once a month and is very heterogeneous in its composition, as its name indicates, including such men as General Sato and Admiral Kamiidzumi. It seems that the members of the society are wedded to State Socialism, in the belief that the national organization of the country is really based on the principles underlying that form of Socialism, though it is somewhat hard for a superficial observer to find where the analogy lies. It is said that even a certain police officer who was present at one of the meetings of the society had the satisfaction to admit that there was no danger to be feared of a Socialism of that kind. Some time ago we reported a speech delivered at a meeting of the society, in which the speaker suggested the advisability of all landowners returning their lands to the Emperor much in the same fashion as the feudal lords gave up their fiefs at the time of the Restoration.

In addition to those belonging to the three groups just named, there are several other well-known professed Socialists. Mr. Yano Fumio is a courtly gentleman of a variegated career who successively filled the posts of a newspaper editor, vice-president of the Progressionist party (under the then Count Okuma), Minister to China, and an official in the Imperial Household. It was as early as 1902 that he published his popular book, *New Society*, suggesting that all organs of production should be bought up by the state with permanent bonds, and seven per cent interest paid on such bonds out of the production, the balance to be distributed among the workers in proportion to the amount of work done. Professor Abe, one of the most amiable characters and fascinating speakers Japan has ever produced, is a member of the Fabian Society. His views are closely akin to those expounded in Mr. Webb's *Industrial Democracy*. Being a Christian (now a Unitarian, though formerly a Congregationalist pastor), he has less faith in material alleviations than the majority of the Fabians. It may be added that although he is a professor at Waseda, we do not believe that he gives lectures on Socialism there. Formerly policemen used to visit the college from time to time in order to ascertain that he was not lecturing on that dangerous subject. He is a great favorite with the student class, but his affability and his alleged want of executive courage are believed to disqualify him for the rôle of a militant leader of Socialism.

Mr. Osugi and Mr. Arahata are champions of Syndicalism, and the dread of the authorities and the police. Mr. Osugi — a young man of thirty-five — declares himself a prison-made man, for like Messrs. Sakai, Yamakawa, and Takahata, and many others, he early served his apprenticeship in prison for the crime of Socialism. Even latterly various charges have been brought against him in order, it is said, to remove him to a safe place

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and so prevent him from taking part in the labor troubles, but those charges have all fallen to the ground in the preliminary stage with the exception of that of striking and wounding a policeman employed in dogging him — a case which is still pending. He has just started a new monthly called *Rodo Undo* (Labor Movement).

The above are perhaps the most notable figures among Japanese Socialists, although there are other stars of lesser lustre; but this brief account of Japanese Socialists would be incomplete if we omitted the names of Dr. Katayama Sen, Mr. Nishikawa Mitsujiro, and Mr. Kinoshita Naoe, who were once very active and well-known agitators in the field, but whose names are now buried in obscurity. Dr. Katayama, who gained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in some American college, supporting himself during his studies by means of manual labor extending over many years, was one of the most important figures among Japanese Socialists from 1897, when the 'Social Problems Investigation Society'— the first society of the kind in this country — was founded, to 1903, when he somehow lost his popularity. Subsequently he went to America where it is said that he is now working as a cook, while editing a Socialist magazine. Mr. Nishikawa Mitsujiro, a graduate of Waseda College, once the most violent of the set and also an eloquent and energetic agitator, withdrew from the arena some years ago, either giving up the work as a bad job or deeming it wise to keep quiet and wait, turning his energy in a totally different channel, for he is now occupied with writing books on health and on fasting as a means of promoting health — something like the American Socialist, Upton Sinclair. But it appears that he has recently emerged from his retirement and is playing a secondary part under the banner of State Socialism. Mr. Kinoshita was likewise a stirring speaker and incisive writer in the cause of Socialism. He also brought out several novels for propaganda purposes which were once in great fashion, though now absolutely forgotten, like their author himself.

Having briefly treated of more prominent professed Socialists, past and present, we may now say something about others who, without openly professing to be Socialists, are yet generally looked upon as such. One of the most conspicuous figures among them is Mr. Kagawa Toyohiko of Kobe, a young man of thirty-three, of rare capacity and much learning, a student of labor problems for many years, an influential member of the Yuai-kai, a benefactor of the poor in Shinkawa, and now a voluminous contributor to magazines on the subject of labor problems (the considerable amount of money which he makes in this way being, we understand, spent for the benefit of the poor among whom he lives) and chief secretary of the Osaka Labor Union. He is an advocate of Guild Socialism, and his writings are much admired for the clearness of exposition and warm-hearted treatment which characterize them.

Other learned supporters of Guild Socialism are Dr. Kawada Shiro of Kyoto University and Dr. Kitazawa Shinjiro of Waseda College. Professor Kawada formerly published *An Essay on Socialism*, *The Capitalistic Spirit*, and *The Problem of Woman;* but official interference caused all of them to go out of print. When Mr. Ohara, a millionaire philanthropist of Kurashiki, in Okayama Prefecture, lately organized and richly endowed an institute called the Ohara Labor Institute, he asked Dr. Kawa Kami of

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Kyoto University, the editor of the highly popular Socialist magazine, *Study of Social Problems*, to become its president, but the proud professor declined to accept the offer, considering it beneath his dignity to have anything to do with an establishment coupled with the name of an Ohara.

Further, both in Tokyo and Kyoto Imperial Universities and the private colleges of Waseda and Keio, there are many professors who are interested in Socialism. Dr. Nitobe of Tokyo University, for instance, is a marked man because of the strong articles he contributed to *Shin Nihon* (New Japan). Perhaps Dr. Nitobe and Dr. Miyake, the veteran editor of *Japan and the Japanese*, may be regarded as two great, though not professing, elder Socialists, as Mr. Yano and Professor Abe are two great professed elder Socialists. The audience of a lecture meeting held by the *Reimei-kai* (Enlightenment Society) was struck by the way in which the old philosopher outstripped other lecturers, members of that society of advanced thinkers. Dr. Fukuda and Dr. Kawakami are said to want to be recognized as great exponents of Marx, but feel disinclined to be considered as scholars possessed of dangerous ideas, although this disinclination may have nothing to do with their official position — one as Professor at the Tokyo Higher Commercial School, and the other as Professor in Kyoto Imperial University.

[*Land and Water, December 25, 1919*]

LORD GREY OF FALLODON

BY FRANK FOX

EDWARD GREY, son of a soldier, grandson of a distinguished statesman, was educated at Winchester and Balliol, and from early boyhood showed a bent toward the contemplative life and the open-air life. He was fond of poetry and of fishing; neither taste suggests the stern stuff of which ambition is made. Of his love for fly-fishing there is public confession in a book from his pen which for clear and sweet English is worthy of the good company of Izaak Walton. His love for poetry is more of a secret. But it is a real force in his life. It is not merely that conventional love of poetry which follows the public verdict to admire a classic.

Winchester — which was once judged by a British statesman as 'indubitably the best public school in England, for those who have been to Eton, to Harrow, and to Rugby always give it the second place after their own school'— has sent some great men into British public life, but it is not exactly the school to make a lad a 'careerist.' Balliol has more an atmosphere of politics, successful politics. 'He was one of Nature's Balliol men,' was the witty summing up in an Oxford Union debate of a public man who is almost the complete antithesis of Lord Grey.

But Balliol College had given the future Foreign Secretary no taste for

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statecraft. Except for a happy accident he would probably have justified the verdict of Gladstone:

'There is Edward Grey, who could do anything, be anything, but prefers to go fishing.' He would have gone through life as a country gentleman, finding scope for his interest in mankind in the affairs of his neighborhood, carrying out with conscientious industry those tasks of local administration which the English polity keeps for its men of leisure so that they may be linked up in some way with public life and reminded of duty to the community. He would have been Justice of the Peace certainly, probably churchwarden, possibly member of some Local Government Boards or Councils. His passion for angling — if passion is a word that can be applied to that sport — and his library would have filled the rest of life. He had no liking for travel. The life of cities did not interest him. The wild Northumberland moors swept by keen air, peopled by shepherds and farmers of sturdy manliness were his choice.

But the happy accident came. The reform of the franchise was stirring English minds when Edward Grey was growing up to manhood. In 1867 the franchise had been widely extended, but this extension, while giving the vote to city laborers of the same class, excluded the country laborer. That caused a deep and a just resentment. If merit and intelligence were to be considered in the granting of the franchise, it excluded a better class than it included. When Edward Grey came down from Oxford in 1884 Gladstone had proposed to remedy this anomaly. The Conservative Party objected. Demonstrations were organized in the country to support Gladstone's proposal. Near Edward Grey's home in August, 1884, one of these demonstrations was held. He was asked to take the chair, consented, and thenceforth his feet were set on the path which was to bring him to be the keeper of the British conscience during the years of fate which ushered in the Great War.

In Edward Grey's public life he has been guided always by one principle — the same schoolboy sense of fair play that he brought away from Winchester. That 'ordinary schoolboy fairness' in conversation with his friends he insists upon as an adequate rule of public and private life. He will permit no sophistication of it. That sense of fairness made him consent to be chairman of a Northumbrian meeting to insist that his friends and neighbors, those shepherds and agricultural workers, whose rugged common sense and fine character he knew, should not be kept out of a share of the government of the country. It was not fair; and for what his voice was worth that voice would be raised in protest. In just such spirit John Hampden broke out of his seclusion as country gentleman to become a man of state.

England, having thus caught up Edward Grey in the mesh of political life, refused to let him go. There was work for him to do which no other man could do as well — work in which just an 'ordinary schoolboy sense of fairness' was to be pitted successfully against the most unscrupulous and relentless diplomacy which was counting for its success in wrecking Europe on the deep dejection and disillusionment which seemed to atrophy Great Britain as a nation in 1914. The franchise agitation of 1884 was successful. Those Northumberland shepherds, and their peers throughout the country, won the vote, and a General Election was held on the new franchise. The Northumberland men resolved to have Edward Grey as their member. He was returned to the House of Com-

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mons in 1885 and represented Berwick-on-Tweed until he was on the verge of retiring from public life.

As a member of the House of Commons Sir Edward Grey — he had succeeded his grandfather in a baronetcy in 1882 — was not often heard in debate. But his voice and his vote were always on the same side. He had a real trust in the people. He had a logical conviction that every step toward fuller popular government was a good step. As he put it in answer to my question as to whether he thought that popular government was always wise government, 'That is n't worth considering. The fact has to be faced that popular government is the only possible government. To the pessimist who speaks of its dangers I say: "At any rate, you must make the best of it, for it is and must be." But personally I am convinced it is the best form of government. You may have under it abuses, mistakes. But on the whole it is preferable to any other form of government. Its abuses and mistakes are least likely to be carried to extremes. It is founded on the sense of justice. It gives a fair basis at the start to public policy.'

In 1892 Sir Edward Grey first took office as Parliamentary Secretary to the Foreign Office in the Gladstone, which was afterwards to become the Rosebery, administration. When Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman became Prime Minister in 1905 he invited Sir Edward Grey to be Foreign Secretary, and after some reluctance he consented. That office he held, latterly under Mr. Asquith, till 1916.

In domestic policy the Cabinet of 1905 was Liberal with little surviving of the old Whiggism and a tendency toward the new Radicalism. In foreign policy it was above all things pacific. It was against any warlike adventure. Its spirit was not only against any expansion of British responsibilities, but in favor of any 'drawing in' that seemed compatible with honor and with safety.

Sir Edward Grey brought to the Foreign Office his characteristic and unvarying attitude of striving for 'simple fairness.' He had always believed in fair play between class and class, man and man, in the British community. Instinctively now he sought to apply the same principle between nation and nation. Had it not been for the stark resolution of the German Empire to bid for the dominancy of the world at the point of the sword, it is possible that he would have succeeded in reconciling Europe, and the world, to a long era, perhaps ultimately a lasting era, of peace. The enemies of his policy accused him of a disposition to 'give away British interests,' and I think he would have been always willing enough to give up anything that he thought we had no real right to; and powerful enough, with that simple, persuasive sincerity of his, to get his countrymen to follow him. All through his long career as Foreign Secretary he was being attacked alternately from two sides, by those who thought that, in his passion for peace and his desire to be just to other nations, he was neglectful of British interests, and by those who thought that his care for British interests carried him to the borders of Jingoism. Only on rare and important occasions did he speak in defense and always he carried the country with him.

I had an opportunity once in 1912–1913 of seeing Sir Edward Grey through the eyes of a very mixed collection of foreigners. The Balkan War was over, and after accompanying the Bulgarian Army in the field for the *Morning Post*, I was watching the Peace Conference of London and in the full confidence of

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some of its delegates. Some of these Balkan statesmen had the very quaintest ideas of diplomacy. Some were rascally liars, others were childish liars, nearly all had a sublime faith in 'bluff' (a few, however, were men of high character).

It was singular how the personality of Edward Grey soon came to dominate all those men, to inspire the best of them with respect, the worst of them with a fear which was almost superstitious. I can recall one fine Balkan gentleman, whose country had had a hard knock in the negotiations, taking comfort from the thought, 'Your Sir Edward Grey says that it must be; so we agree.' And I can recall another Balkan delegate, of another type, in a state of ludicrous terror because he heard that Sir Edward Grey was going to take cognizance of some childish duplicity he had attempted.

Even the Germans — those of them whose wits were not clean gone in the madness of war fever — appreciated Sir Edward Grey's sincerity at the same time as they feared it. Lichnowsky has made public tribute to it. Another German noble, now dead, who was for a brief time Ambassador to Great Britain, had the same view. He would quote as a fine apothegm for the diplomat one of Sir Edward Grey's sayings, 'It is n't hard to tell the truth. The difficulty is to get the truth believed.'

That brings me to the main event of Sir Edward Grey's life, his control of British Foreign Policy from 1905 to 1914. Of that in the future many volumes will be written without a doubt. The year 1914 marked the greatest crisis in human history. The attitude of Great Britain was the centre of the matter — and Sir Edward Grey represented the British mind — represented it with absolute fidelity; was, in my opinion, the saving hand which made the long-plotted German blow a failure. But that opinion has no right place here. Let Lord Grey himself explain British foreign policy as he understood it, and as it actually was in practice from 1905 to 1914.

'We had no jealousy of Germany, no antagonism to German interests. Rather otherwise. When the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy was formed, its purpose was represented to be the keeping of European peace and the stabilizing of the European situation. That was favored by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone and successive British Foreign Ministers. Was it not a common gibe of a section of the French press at one time to speak of it as a Quadruple Alliance with Great Britain as a fourth partner? It would not be too much to say that we favored the Triple Alliance. Our troubles seemed to come from the other side in Europe, as a rule, as, for example, the Siam, the Fashoda, the Dogger Bank incidents.

'Up to the time of the dismissal of Bismarck the Triple Alliance seemed to be content with a peaceful and defensive rôle. After that it became aggressive. I do not want to be taken as a defender of the Bismarckian policy in all its phases. But until his dismissal there was not that aggressive development of German policy. Whatever his ultimate plans, he appeared to be content to keep the European peace, and British influence in foreign policy was more with Germany than against her. Then Bismarck fell, and German policy developed on aggressive lines. British policy was forced in a counter direction, because British policy was for peace. This new orientation began under Mr. Balfour, and was continued by the logic of events. But British understandings with France and with Russia were always

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surrounded by precautions against any possibility of our being dragged by the terms of some alliance or agreement into a war which would be in any sense an aggressive war. Our policy was always purely defensive. Its object was to keep the peace of Europe. We made no alliances; up to our declaration of war in 1914 we were committed in no way. We had no secret treaties against Germany.

'Nor was there any basis of truth in the German accusation that we were inspired by a commercial jealousy of her to make war upon her. In 1914 what were the chief centres of any anti-war feeling that existed in Great Britain? The commercial centres! Manchester, for example, was the chief stronghold of pacifist feeling.

'But, as you know, the country was practically unanimous. That was because in the last stage the invasion of Belgium made the issue one of honor. If we had attempted to go into a European war in answer to any argument of interest, even in answer to the argument that by not going in we should be left isolated, the country would have wanted to discuss the decision very thoroughly before it was acted upon. But a country does not discuss on a question of honor. It makes up its mind at once.

'I thought it my duty, regarding a European war as the most frightful catastrophe that could occur, to do my utmost to prevent it. Believing, knowing, that this country did not want war, I felt it my duty also to avoid giving any undertaking which would as its consequence involve us in war or involve others in disaster. You cannot, you should not, pledge a democracy in such a matter without consulting it, without knowing clearly its mind. I could not be sure that on any point of interest the British democracy was willing to go into a great war. And what a cruel disappointment to another nation if I had given a pledge, and it had taken certain dispositions on that pledge, and the pledge had not been kept because the people did not endorse it! A friendly nation might thus be involved in a great calamity and might with justice make the reproach that we involved them in that calamity, for without our pledge they would have submitted to a diplomatic humiliation, but relying on our pledge they had stood firm and so encountered destruction. Until Belgium was invaded I was not sure that the British people would make war and I gave no pledge. When Belgium was invaded it became a question of keeping our obligation of honor, and I knew that the people would keep that.'

Lord Grey's views on 'secret treaties' he put to me with the lucidity of Euclid's axioms.

'In time of peace there should be no secret treaties. They are contrary in principle to popular government. Peoples are bound without their knowledge to undertakings which they might not have approved if they had been consulted. In time of war it is different. War makes secret treaties inevitable, for there is not time to consult the people and discussion would inform the enemy. That is one of the evils of war, one of the arguments against it, that war makes secret arrangements necessary.

'In my time at the Foreign Office I think I may say with certainty that we made no secret treaties. We reaffirmed an old alliance with Portugal, but that alliance dated from before my time and the terms of it were known. There were negotiations between us, Portugal, and Germany in regard to the disposal of Portuguese colonies in Africa in certain events. I wanted to publish the terms of a tentative agreement arising out of these negotiations. Ger-

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many objected, and partly for that reason the agreement was never completed. There were negotiations with Germany, too, in regard to the Middle East. We were prepared to make extreme concessions to Germany, stopping short only at what might injure France or sacrifice a vital British interest. But these also were not completed. If completed they would have been disclosed.'

That Lord Grey worked for peace with a passionate earnestness during the years 1908 (when the shadow of the Great European War first fell directly on the world) to 1914 all his friends know. One tells of an incident not long before the outbreak of war. Lord Grey was walking from the Foreign Office with one of his high officials when a 'Suffragette' agitator carrying a pistol broke out from the crowd. The woman was arrested before any actual attempt was made on Sir Edward Grey's life. Speaking of it afterwards, his tone was that of almost regret that a happy release had not come to him. 'There are years to live through,' he said, 'which are almost too dreadful to contemplate.'

In August, 1914, this man of peace, who had done the utmost that 'a common schoolboy sense of fairness' could do to avert war, had to tell the House of Commons that war was inevitable. His dreadful message awakened a national unity which could not have come from any other's assurance. There were very, very few who could not recognize that if Sir Edward Grey said that war was to be, then there was no other honorable way out.

A man of peace in 1914, in 1919 Lord Grey feels that war is an utter evil, from the dread of which humanity must be in some way relieved. 'The human race,' he said, 'has acquired such appalling powers of destruction that if it has not sufficient moral power to control them the race must perish. This war was terrible enough. A next war, if it ever came, would be still more terrible, and wars would grow in intensity until mankind was annihilated. It is not possible to contemplate what war means to-day and what it is going to mean without coming to a resolve to do anything possible to avert war. A scientific friend tells me that next war there will be no fighting in the old sense of the term. It will all be done by poison gas.'

Lord Grey went on to speak of the other side of the miseries of war, of the loneliness of men who have lost their friends, the helplessness of men who have lost limbs or health. But he did not speak in a spirit of vain regret for what is past. But to strive that it should be the last great war is, for the future, the chief purpose of his life.

Now Lord Grey takes up again the burden of public affairs. He was in a way betrayed into public life; and then was led by circumstances from task to task until finally he was set as the Warden of the Marches when the German wave broke over Europe. For thirty years he was bound to the wheel, escaping for brief intervals only to the streams and moors and woods which held the real charm of life for him; and in each one of those thirty years he had hoped for a near release. But always there was a task to be done, a duty to be fulfilled. The screaming abuse which he won from those whom he confounded was, of course, no source of trouble, and neither was it a source of consolation, for Lord Grey lacks a sense of malice.

But always he has been a man of duty, and in a sense of duty he undertakes a mission which with good health would have been a sheer delight, but which, under present circumstances, means a sacrifice. But he had to go, for we have no greater gentleman.

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[*Berliner Tageblatt, November 24, 1919*]

THE REVIVING INDUSTRIES OF MAGDEBURG

BY DR. PAUL MICHAELIS

We used to think of Magdeburg as a somewhat distant suburb of Berlin. Before the war communication between the two cities was so speedy and convenient that the smaller town gradually assumed the aspect of an industrial outpost of the metropolis, and acquired the habits of thought of the larger city in spite of its own ancient origin and independent history. But since our system of transportation has broken down, old differences between the two places begin to reappear. This is particularly true of industrial conditions. The manufacturing enterprises of Magdeburg show fewer traces of the evil effects of war than do those of Berlin. Coming directly from the labor discord of the larger town, we realize at once that we have reached a region of comparative peace. Magdeburg has been spared serious strikes. Some troubles occurred here last June, but only a part of the factories were affected. The propaganda of a general strike for political objects found no sympathy among the cool-headed Magdeburg workingmen. Manufacturers themselves recognize that their situation is quite enviable compared with that of their Berlin colleagues.

Naturally Magdeburg has not been spared entirely the troubles which afflicted the industries of the whole country after the war. Some establishments were crippled for a time. There was scarcely a machine shop in the city that had not been partly employed in manufacturing shells. But no works were obliged to shut down entirely, and the readjustment of their equipment to peace production has now been accomplished.

The relative number of unemployed in the two cities shows how different the situation is from that in Berlin. The metropolis is granting relief to one hundred and sixty thousand unemployed workers, while Magdeburg at the present moment is assisting only seven hundred and sixty-four men and six hundred and eighty-three women. The number of people registered for positions at the public employment offices is but a little more than three thousand — a moderate number for a city of two hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants. Indeed, just at present there is an appreciable shortage of skilled workers in certain trades.

Magdeburg has long been famous for its engineering works and foundries. In March, 1918, at the very height of war activity, the city employed thirty-three thousand people in this group of industries. In June, 1919, the number was twenty-five thousand six hundred, or practically the same as before the war. I visited a number of establishments which had previously been working on war contracts. The branch of Krupp's in this city, which has been engaged since the armistice in manufacturing mill machinery, now employs between three and four thousand hands, and is increasing its pay roll. Before the war it employed between five and six thousand workers. Of the two other principal establishments in this branch of industry, one is manufacturing agricultural machinery, and employs in the main establishment and its branches more than five thousand mechanics and laborers, and one thousand technical and clerical workers. The other firm is making briquette machinery, and has fourteen hundred men upon its pay roll, or more than before the war. The orders upon the books of these establishments total larger than when the war broke out,

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although this is due partly to the great increase in prices. However, the managers told me that the demand for their products exceeded the present capacity of their works.

The greatest difficulty is the decline in labor efficiency. All employers agree that a workingman accomplishes less in a day than formerly. There is no question whatever but what the output for an eight-hour day is decidedly smaller than for the old nine and a half or ten-hour day. Even the hourly output has declined. The product per hundred operatives has fallen off about thirty per cent. We must remember in this connection that piece work payments prevail in Magdeburg. However, an arrangement by which the best workers are not permitted to earn more than one third above the average wage prevents this system from being as effective in increasing production as it otherwise might be. Apparently, the working people have an agreement to limit output. Employers do not complain of sabotage, but rather of the indifference and carelessness of their men. This spirit reveals itself among clerical employees as well as manual workers. It is attributed generally to after-effects of the war, to under-nourishment, and to physical hardships due to lack of fuel and improper housing. Too much politics is another explanation. Incessant wage controversies, caused primarily by unchecked currency depreciation are also impairing industrial morale. The worst conditions are said to prevail at the government railway shops, where the output of the workers has fallen to a minimum. It is commonly believed that a betterment in transportation conditions is impossible so long as the labor situation remains as it is.

The home market is very active. Farmers have plenty of money, and are eager to get implements and machinery. They would employ machinery more than they do, were it not for the scarcity of coal and oil. Everything seems to centre upon the coal shortage.

Little by little the foreign market is also opening. Business with the neutral countries never ceased entirely. Just at present there is an active demand from Scandinavia and Spain. Small orders are also coming from France and Italy. The principal difficulties are the uncertainty of exchange, and the rapid shifting of prices for raw materials and labor. In order to regulate the export business, the Union of Agricultural Machinery Makers has appointed a price-fixing board to govern foreign deliveries. This board sets a minimum price, in order to prevent the agents of German manufacturers abroad from undercutting each other.

Taking it all in all, the leading manufacturers of Magdeburg view the future hopefully. They expect some hardships the present winter, but they look forward with confidence to ultimate improvement. It is thought that the labor situation will be better in the spring.

[*Lokal Anzeiger, November 4. 1919*]

A GERMAN WORKINGMAN WRITES

I AM fully convinced that radicalism among our working people is already on the wane, although isolated incidents may occur that give a contrary impression. We are slowly learning that this radical agitation has a malicious purpose. We begin to see that it brings us nearer neither to Socialism, nor to any other positive advantage, to follow blindly leaders who make it their mission to excite and irritate the masses by incessant

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strikes, with their accompanying loss of wages and general misery, for the purpose of fostering a spirit of revolt against all established authority.

I want to say here that employers ought to take great pains to prove to their workingmen that they are not the enemies they are constantly represented to be in our revolutionary meetings. Let me say, also, that employers, unfortunately, omit doing many things that would take the wind out of the sails of the agitators—things they could do very easily and without much sacrifice to themselves. These faults of omission are a heritage from the old days. I realize that my views may not get a favorable reception in a bourgeois paper. But I think the situation is serious enough to make it worth while to take precautions against worse things than are now occurring. Employers should not invariably assume an automatically antagonistic attitude, when their working people petition for better wages, especially when they are aware that under present currency conditions wages cannot remain stationary without causing great distress among the workers, when newspapers are publishing announcements of dividends of 20 per cent and over, and when directors' salaries are known to reach 100,000 marks. The usual tactics are to reject offhand every demand for an increase of wages. It is an exceedingly rare thing for an employer voluntarily to adjust his wages to the rising cost of living. Under such conditions, it is natural that the working people should distrust the fairness of the employing class.

I could mention many things that disturb the good relations between employer and employee, but I will confine myself to the situation in a specific great industry in a single city. In those works the employee is merely a number. He is looked upon simply as a tool that must always be found in a certain place. Now the workingmen in this establishment would certainly take more interest in their tasks and in the prosperity of the business if they were made to feel that they were human beings and fellow associates of the employer in productive service. A workingman who does presume to show such interest is apt to be called down by his boss, if not by the employer himself. It is not capitalism as a system so much as the way it is administered that embitters the working people.

Our country is now in such distress that good relations between masters and men are more necessary than ever before. For this reason I venture to urge employers and factory managers to scan very carefully the qualifications of the persons to whom they give authority over other men. It is not the fellow who wins favor with his superiors by servility who makes the best boss. It is more apt to be the outspoken, independent chap whose manhood wins the respect of his associates. Such men may not always be so pleasant to converse with, but the advantage of their character and influence compensates a hundred times for this. Furthermore, the big men in a great industrial undertaking should not be so solicitous to avoid contact with the common laborers they employ. An ordinary workingman is not a dangerous person when you come to talk with him. And if you talk with him frankly, as man to man, you will find that each learns something.

The individual workingman is not always to blame for the falling off of output. For example, the materials which a lathe man or machinist is given to work with to-day are very inferior to those supplied him in 1914.

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The tools assigned him are equally below the old standard. These conditions alone go far to account for the fact that it takes nearly twice the time now to perform a piece of work that it took five years ago.

I think that I have written enough for today, although I have many things in my heart that I would like to tell your readers. It lies within the power of employers to do much more to win the confidence and to inspire the industry of their employees than they probably are aware of. Such comparatively minor things as a small bonus to the workingmen on holidays will sometimes change the whole sentiment of a body of working people and render them immune to the germs of discord which agitators would sow among them. The German working people are sound and reasonable at heart, and the transient radicalism that has seized them is due really to misdirected idealism. Why should it be difficult to get them back on the right path? It will not even take much sacrifice, but merely wise management. Nothing could be more perverse than for employers to assume a harsh and arbitrary attitude just at this moment, when the working people are obviously growing weary of incessant controversies. There are too many employers left who think it their duty to impress upon their working people that the latter are entirely dependent on them. They say, 'Were it not for me, you would go hungry.' That may be true in a sense, but it does not make the employees willing workers to have it dinned in their ears. Employers should seize this very crisis to show the best and most generous side of their nature to their working people, and to seek mutual understanding with them. That would speedily inspire reciprocal good will, and would work miracles with the present situation.

[*The Times*]

LLOYD GEORGE ON IRELAND

MR. LLOYD GEORGE spoke in circumstances that might well have daunted anyone less sanguine than himself. Those who sat behind him, normally his warmest supporters, were cold if not hostile; not a single Irishman in Parliament was known to be friendly, and the Irish Nationalists, who might have been expected to be there to listen to a scheme that sought to revive constitutionalism in Ireland, were conspicuously absent; the Liberals, though friendly to reform, knew that they were assisting at the obsequies of Gladstonian Home Rule and could hardly be expected to be enthusiastic. Labor had no acquaintance with the enormous practical difficulties of Irish legislation.

It was a silent and somewhat introspective House that gave the Prime Minister none of the assistance that indulges his genius. Yet he made undoubtedly one of the greatest if also one of the least characteristic speeches of his life. The first half-hour gave a perfect example of wise general principles perfectly expounded. The gift of just and balanced generalization is not typically Lloyd-Georgian; and the greater the praise due to him for the triumph that he won. The House was too absorbed to cheer. Later, perhaps misinterpreting the absence of applause, he seemed to falter, and the financial passages in his speech were a little ragged and spiritless. But he rallied finely at the end in a brief and sincere peroration. It was a speech of great if not equally sustained power throughout, but above all one was impressed by the balance and the sincerity of the thinking.

He began naturally by some sentences on the outburst of crime in Ireland. The object of these murder

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societies was to make reconciliation impossible. And then, with one of his characteristic flashes, he went on at once to refuse to play their game. Crime made the task of statesmanship more difficult, its test more real. He then spoke of the Act of 1914. It was unworkable without alterations, and no one in Ireland wanted it. Alas, Ireland now wanted nothing that we could offer her. No act of legislation could convert her, but only her own working out of the chances that our legislation could give her. What were the conditions of such legislation? He now left the Bill of 1914 and its predecessors, and embarked on what, so far as Parliament was concerned, was a new and uncharted voyage.

He began by laying down three basic facts, as he called them. The first was that three fourths of the Irish population were bitterly hostile and rebels at heart. Ireland was the one country in Europe besides Russia where the classes ordinarily on the side of law and order were completely out of sympathy with the government. Mr. Lloyd George at his best is a bitter realist, and he insisted on our facing the facts about the Irish situation to-day in all their brutality and ugliness. He went on to speak of Northeast Ulster, alien in race, sympathy, religion, and tradition to the rest of Ireland. It would be an outrage for us to place this part of Ulster under the rule of the remainder of Ireland. If we did that, the whole black chapter of Irish history would be rewritten backward, with Belfast in the position of Dublin and with Dublin politically where London is.

His third basic fact was that severance from the United Kingdom would be fatal to the interests of Ireland and Great Britain alike. He illustrated this principle from the history of the war, and declared with passion that any attempt at secession would be fought as the United States fought her own war of union.

On these foundations the design of the structure was revealed in a few rapid touches. There are to be two self-governing Parliaments in Ireland, one at Dublin, the other at Belfast, to include six counties and also, it would appear, bits from three other counties where these can be united without destroying the homogeneity of the Ulster Province. Between these two Parliaments there was to be a Federal Council for All Ireland, consisting of forty members elected in equal parts by the two Provincial Legislatures. The two Legislatures were to have full legislative powers over all subjects not expressly reserved to the Imperial, or, as Mr. Lloyd George significantly called it, the Federal Parliament at Westminster. In that Imperial Parliament there were to be forty-two Irish representatives. No attempt was to be made by us to unite the two Irish Legislatures. That must be by their own act and deed. Begin by separating, and he thought they would unite; begin by uniting, and they would quarrel and separate. Of the finance of the measure, explained in considerable detail, it is sufficient here to say that it is considerably more liberal to Ireland than the Act of 1914.

[*L'Opinion, December 20, 1919*]

IN BESIEGED PETROGRAD

BY ANDRÉ PIERRE

We had not seen a Petrograd newspaper for six months, consequently we have read, and are reading, with interest a few copies of *Isvestia* and the Petrograd *Pravda* which have reached Paris by what is almost a miracle. They give us interesting accounts of

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life in the former Russian capital during October.

These Petrograd journals are expensive. People in Paris are outraged at the thought of paying 15 centimes for their morning daily. At Petrograd the papers of the Soviets cost one and a half rubles, or four francs. They are cheaper at Moscow. The *Isvestia*, of the Central Executive Committee, which is the official journal of the Republic, costs only two francs. However, one should not reproach the Soviet Government prematurely, for at Odessa, which is not under the rule of the Bolsheviki, one must pay six rubles for the *Odesski Listok*, a little sheet of miserable yellow paper.

These Petrograd newspapers describe the anxiety of the population when the forces of Youdenitch drew near the suburbs. Zinovief and the Soviet took radical measures to defend the northern capital. A state of siege was proclaimed: the theatres, cafés, and cabarets were closed; the working people were mobilized; and close watch was kept on domestic enemies, 'who wish to use the critical situation to stab us in the back.' Committees of public safety were organized, consisting of three tried and trusted revolutionaries in each precinct.

However, the people are described as calm and confident. Youdenitch cannot count upon an insurrection in Petrograd. The Red army soon takes the offensive and checks the White advance.

The population is suffering frightfully from want. The food situation is hopeless. Speculation is rife. Thousands of packmen are constantly passing to and fro between the country and the city. They sell flour for 250 rubles a pound, potatoes for 80 rubles. The government rations would not satisfy the most modest appetite. Members of the first category get only 100 grammes of bread a day, the others receive 50 grammes. Lack of fuel forces several factories to close down, including the Nobel, Westinghouse, and the Franco-Russian works. The transportation crisis grows worse. Youdenitch has seized the territories that supply forage to the city, and from 25 to 30 horses are dying daily.

Nevertheless, the city preserves a normal aspect. The trams are running, particularly for carrying freight. Passengers pay three rubles, but anyone who claims to be a member of the Red Guard can ride for one ruble.

Artistic and literary life goes on in spite of physical privation and moral suffering. Before the offensive of Youdenitch, all the theatres were open. Chaliapine, who is not dead as reported, reappeared at the Marinsky Theatre on October 20 in a new opera entitled *The Power of the Enemy*. A revival of *Tannhäuser* is advertised.

The workers' and peasants' university, Zinovief, began its third semester on October 15 in the Ouritsky Palace. The programme includes courses on the labor movement, the French Revolution, and the Communist party.

Great doings are reported at the People's Palaces. According to the *Krasnaya Gazeta* of October 7, the number of persons visiting one of these Palaces during September was 15,863. People came to attend the opera, the moving picture shows, and concerts. During this month there were seven children's courses, attended by 5060 young people. There is no opposition press, and these official papers do not tell us what the mass of the people think of the Soviet régime. They are hungry, cold, and suffering, but they bear it all with that astonishing resignation that one finds only in Russia. Do they wish the Bolsheviki to be overthrown? We do not know.

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[*The Times*]

ON COLLECTING THINGS

THE desire for procuring old furniture and *bric-à-brac* has increased so inordinately during the last ten years that the collector whose initiation took place at an earlier period now begins to ask how much of the prevalent enthusiasm is genuine. To-day we sit, if we are lucky, in ancient oaken chairs, and watch the firelight flickering on the chimney-piece, and see how the misproportioned bosoms of Jacobean caryatids between the panels shine for their three centuries of hard polishing. We want something and ring the bell, thinking as we do so that though it is very delightful to live among old things, electric appliances do outrage the fair dimensions of their setting, but that at the same time it is too uncomfortable to be a purist of the last degree.

Collectors are self-conscious about their furniture. People who for long years have lived in old houses take their possessions as a matter of course — unless, which happens infrequently, they are at the same time conscious antiquaries. Those for whom old and beautiful things have no special message may be left out of the question: a chair to them is a chair, desirable only if it is comfortable. Those, however, who really find pleasure in old furniture on account of its beauty or its history, together with commercial people, who nowadays pride themselves on being able to pour a ha'porth of tea from a hundred pounds' worth of china, can never grow completely used to their movable surroundings. Furniture to them is so much more than it is to people who look to its direct purposes and these alone. Even if they do not seek on its behalf the admiration of their friends (which they nearly always do), they can never let their eyes rest for an idle moment on this card-table or that looking-glass without reflecting on its extrinsic qualities.

The question remains, then, at what period in history did the English begin to regard household decoration, especially furniture, from any other angle save that of comely utility? When did they begin to 'collect'? From the beginning of furniture, as we understand it, there was some conscious effort toward decoration. Throughout the Middle Ages those who could afford it were doubtless pleased enough if their chairs and tables were adorned with carving; but their feeling could scarcely have differed in essence from that to-day which gives satisfaction to those who look at the new coat of paint upon their motor cars.

The wealthy Elizabethans multiplied and elaborated the carving, and then, not for the first time, Fashion stepped in and told them what was right. The squire of the sixteenth century would twist his beard and look at the new bedstead, and be not altogether sure about it. Certainly old Harry swears by the Fleming carvers, and it's true that they are skilled in their work and can teach our craftsmen things worth knowing; but would one not lie easier without ugly faces of oak grinning down upon one? Still, the squire must do the correct thing. Later the fashion was confirmed, and carving, simple or intricate, became — still for a privileged minority — usual.

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During the Puritan era the lack of adornment was as deliberate as the ornamentation of the years before. But Roundhead joiners yet kept the fine proportions of their predecessors and made no attempt, as have their spiritual descendants, whether in wood or stone, to mortify the flesh with definite meanness of outline. The Restoration brought reaction in many directions, in none more obvious than that of its furniture. Cabinet-making, as distinguished from joinery, became more generally established, and finely decorated — even over-decorated — things in walnut wood were then made which have since brought excitement and wild bidding to the twentieth century auction room. And so one thing led to another; closer grains were required — mahogany, satinwood. Embellishment over-stepped usefulness. The consciously 'artistic' attitude toward the inside of men's houses was firmly set.

There is, indeed, evidence enough of genuine as well as merely fashionable pleasure in beautiful things from the earliest days down to the curious periods known as the Early and Mid-Victorian, which began rather suddenly and passed gradually away in sentimental reaction. After that the cabinet-maker had nothing new to say: he hesitatingly imitated, frankly copied good designs of the distant, toned down and refined the ponderous ugliness of the immediate past. For a brief moment he dabbled in eccentric invention, but in the history of English furniture *l'art nouveau* scarcely warrants mention. The idea was stillborn.

Even before the sentimental reaction of the last quarter of the nineteenth century there seems to have been a real spirit of collecting, an admiration directed toward age and association in general, though furniture as a specific instance is hard to find. The sanction of antiquity and strangeness was sought in earlier days than ours. The Catalogue of the Museum Tradescantium at Lambeth (subsequently the nucleus of the Ashmolean Museum) published by John Tradescant, the younger, in 1656, contains many odd things, apart from the botanical specimens which were its chief pride.

> . . . Heads cut in agates and crystalls . . . divers sorts of ambers with (Flyes) (Spiders). . . . Japanese swords and daggers, Chinese armor, and the 'knife wherewith Hudson was killed in the N. W. passage or Hudson's Bay.'

Medals and coins found also a place; but 'The Story of the Prodigal Son carved in wood: antient' is the entry which more nearly than the others touches the heart of the modern collector.

An instructive picture of seventeenth century Philistia, with an eye to the main chance, deriding the ideal, is found in *The Antiquary*, a comedy acted at the Cockpit in 1641, and written by Shakerley Marmion. The Antiquary's nephew Lionell speaks:

> . . . Now I must travell, on a new exploit,
> To an old Antiquary, he is my uncle,
> And I his heir; would I could raise a fortune
> Out of his ruins: he is grown obsolete,
> And 't is time he were out of date; they say he sits
> All day in contemplation of a statue
> With ne'er a nose; and dotes on the decays
> With greater love, than the self-loved Narcissus
> Did on his beauty. If I wist he were not precise,
> I'd lay to purchase some stale interludes
> And give them him: Books that have not attained
> To the Platonick yet, but wait their course,
> And happy hour, to be reviv'd again:
> Then would I induce him to beleeve they were
> Some of Terence's hundred and fifty comedies,
> That were lost in the Adriatick Sea
> When he returned from banishment. Some such
> Gullery as this, might be enforced upon him.

So the thought of forging antiquities clearly existed before the 'horrable murther' of King Charles I.

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Later in the same play the Antiquary himself says: '. . . the very dust that cleaves to one of those monuments (in the Indies) is more worth than the oare of twenty mines.' Autolycus, on the other hand, scarcely helps us, for neither he nor his father, 'littered' as he was 'under Mercury,' was a true collector. Then Peter Pindar has it:

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches:
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish.

While Young in *The Love of Fame*, published in 1728, exclaims:

How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Jospeh never wore!
He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin,
That touched the ruff, that touched Queen Bess's chin.

Or, to be sure, coming to later times:

A clod — a piece of orange peel —
The end of a cigar —
Once trod on by a princely heel,
How beautiful they are!

From these quotations it is seen that during three centuries or so the collecting spirit — the desire to possess things for other qualities than their surface appearance — has been common enough for other people to ridicule.

The acknowledged reason, then, for acquiring what may be called quite literally second-hand goods has been and is fivefold: because they are (*a*) beautiful; (*b*) old and beautiful; (*c*) foreign and beautiful; (*d*) old; (*e*) foreign. The purist will admit justification only in (*a*). The sentimentalist will, of his very nature, try to crowd all the other categories into the first, barely acknowledging their separate existence. If cornered he will try to maintain that antiquity and oddity in themselves constitute an 'assemblage of graces which pleases the eye.' Yet another reason for collecting may be inferred from the little piece of orange peel and Queen Elizabeth's pin — a reason which enormously increases the market value of all antiquities.

Under category (*d*) fall innumerable curiosities, ornamental, or, at one time if not at the present, useful, which have been or will come to be collected chiefly for their age and perhaps for those qualities which in a wide sense come under (*e*) — if we take 'foreign' as meaning odd as well as outlandish. Of such things Mr. Arthur Hayden has written, though by no means exhaustively, in his latest work for collectors.* 'The dictum of "permanent interest,"' he says in his Introduction, 'should always be before the collector,' and in regard to indiscriminate and superfluous collecting he quotes one of Johnson's letters to the *Idler* (December 16, 1758), written over the signature 'Peter Plenty,' who complains that his wife is a buyer of bargains.

> The parlor is decorated [he says] with so many piles of china that I dare not step within the door . . . a woman in the next alley lives by scouring the brass and pewter, which are only laid up to tarnish again.

Among the less usual antiquities to be collected, which Mr. Hayden describes, are tobacco-stoppers, early examples of which embody portraits of King Charles I; keys, many of them beautifully decorated, playing cards, children's toys, and tea-table accessories. Many of these things have given opportunities to fine craftsmen for exquisite work. But man-traps and obsolete implements of agriculture, which are also included, though well worth preservation in museums, have little to recommend to the private collector.

Mr. Hayden belongs, quite frankly,

* *Bye-Paths in Curio Collecting.* By Arthur Hayden Fisher-Unwin. 21*s.* net.

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to the sentimental school, finding, if not beauty, at least a genuine charm in the chattels of our forefathers; and his book, without being exactly 'popular,' is of human rather than technical interest. Briefly he gives the history and development of the various curiosities he illustrates. In his chapter on children's toys and amusements, which is strangely incomplete (the author illustrates but one original toy — the famous Doll's House in the Victoria and Albert Museum), he pays a tribute of enthusiastic admiration all too rare, to Caldecott's pictures for nursery rhymes, early editions of which have now come to be 'collected.'

There are other and worse reasons, bearing from a different angle, for procuring old things. The buyer who is satisfied that he has bought cheap that which he can soon sell dear may be disregarded; he is as other merchants, although stories are told of dealers who weep over the sale of exquisite vases. But the commonest reason is bred of the prevailing fashion. A pound or two of sentiment may go with an ounce of real appreciation, but the principal ingredient is the unwise desire to do the correct thing at all costs; and it is sad to reflect that some pewter dish, catching low tones of blue and violet from the sunlight, should be in the same classification as a Pomeranian dog.

'Imitative collecting is a popular foible,' says Mr. Hayden, 'and initiative collecting is something born, not made.'

There is this, however, to be said for the antique craze: it starts a ball rolling which, in the course of time, grows and becomes very smooth. Almost throughout the last century a few people, who no doubt cared for it, collected blue and white china. Then, in the seventies and eighties, it became a fashion, and 'everybody' bought it or rediscovered in lumber rooms such examples of it as had been got by their forbears during the similar craze of the previous century. But of those who bought for a foolish reason many learned that some blue and white china is extremely well designed and of a fine color; and the lesson was taught to their descendants. The same may be said of other antiquities or of what, often very erroneously, falls under that head. But this enthusiastic craving, which is so emphatic a characteristic of the times we live in, has immensely increased the difficulty of the true collector's path. When it is said that everybody is now on the lookout for ancient things, the quotation marks, as applied to the blue china of forty years ago, may safely be omitted.

But what proportion of collectors, anxious as they all are that their possessions should be genuine, buy without thought of fashion, or money value — buy, speaking rudely, because they like it? What proportion, having bought in imitation of others, grow not merely fond of their purchases in the course of sentimental time, but learn to admire them for their own sakes? The answer, if one could be found, does not matter, but the question starts an interesting and in some cases a humiliating train of thought. It is the same with any question of opinion in regard to one of the arts. Terror at not seeming to like the prevalent right thing gives many occasions for foolishness and misery; but when the craze has a rock foundation there may arise from it in the second generation (as with the china) a reasoned and honest admiration — or (as with the work of certain deceased academicians) the opposite.

In another and later contribution to the *Idler*, entitled 'Virtuosos Whimsical,' not quoted by Mr. Hayden,

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Johnson, while countenancing the pleasure of making collections—'if it be restrained by prudence and morality'—vigorously indicts curiosity in excess, 'unnatural wants,' 'capricious emulations,' and 'that desire of accumulating trifles, which distinguishes many by whom no other distinction could have ever been obtained.'

> He that has lived without knowing to what height desire may be raised by vanity, with what rapture baubles are snatched out of the hands of rival collectors, how the eagerness of one raises eagerness in another, and one worthless purchase makes a second necessary, may, by passing a few hours at an auction, learn more than can be shown by many volumes of maxims and essays. . . . [The collector] when he comes is soon overpowered by his habitual passion; he is attracted by rarity, seduced by example, and inflamed by competition. . . . The novice is often surprised to see what minute and unimportant discriminations increase or diminish value. . . . Beauty is far from operating upon collectors as upon low and vulgar minds, even where beauty might be thought the only quality that could deserve notice. . . . China is sometimes purchased for little less than its weight in gold, only because it is old, though neither less brittle, nor better painted, than the modern. . . . Whether this curiosity, so barren of immediate advantage, and so liable to depravation, does more harm or good, is not easily decided. Its harm is apparent at the first view. It fills the mind with trifling ambition; fixes the attention upon things which have seldom any tendency toward virtue or wisdom; employs in idle inquiries the time that is given for better purposes; and often ends in mean and dishonest practices when desire increases by indulgence beyond the power of honest gratification.

But Johnson failed to make the important distinction between the collector and the connoisseur; neither did he appreciate the value to a nation of its *dilettanti*.

There have always been, it seems, collectors who are 'seduced by example,' and there is the *nouveau riche*, amusingly stigmatized by Mr. Hayden, who imagines that 'the belongings of a defunct knightly House will endow him with some of its patrician spirit.' Large numbers of people do, however, genuinely find beauty in antiquities; but wherein does that beauty lie? Is there anything at all to be said for Dickens's or Johnson's view? Is the charm of much ancient ware and wormeaten wood yet another credit to convention?

Take a test case, not of such obvious examples as a chimneypiece by Adam or an Elizabethan bedstead, but of a plain oak table, uncarved, of the period loosely known as Jacobean. About this table ask the opinion of an unprejudiced observer. Such a person for this occasion must be invented; so let us say that he has never in his life been outside one of the South American capitals, which means that he has never set eyes on anything except mountains made before his own birth. What does he think of the table? What is there for him to go on? Enough, surely. There is the color—a rich, ruddy brown, of an uneven tone, varying with the grain of the wood; and the design. The table is steady and its only ornaments are the stretchers, which make it strong, and the simple turning of the legs. It is well-proportioned, whichever way he looks at it; no part in relation to another is too large or too small for perfect usefulness. Alongside this table the inquisitor now places another—a precise copy in seasoned oak, but unstained, and finished only the day before yesterday.

The unprejudiced observer from Montevideo is given his choice; he may have which he likes. He is almost bound to choose the old for its color alone; but there is at least some likelihood that there will arise in him an instinctive certainty that its virtue has been tried, that of the other yet to be known. The sentimentalist is often right despite himself. Age (which is layer upon layer of house-

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hold dirt and generations of polishing) produces color in wood, even when it was originally varnished, which can be arrived at, even with the immense cunning of forgers, by no other means.

An interesting point in connection with this is raised by Mr. Hayden when he inquires what effect modern book illustrations will have upon children who scarcely ever see a steel or wood engraving. Between the love of hand-engraved blocks, whether of copper, steel, or boxwood, and the love of ancient furniture there is a close analogy. These do not conform to the modern and material standard of highest 'efficiency,' but their relation to 'process' engraving and the 'suites' of the Tottenham Court road on the one hand, and Whistler's illustrations to *Once a Week* and seventeenth-century furniture on the other, is the same as the relation between painting and photography, true romance and realism. And what the materialist derides as sentimentalism is, after all, comprehended by the word Art.

Sentimental opinion is, however, rather prone to regard the poor collector as having, necessarily, the better taste. We think of an auctioneer at the point where two hundred guineas have been bid for a fine cabinet, waiting for some famous head to nod, calmly, over a diamond pin; and of the humble enthusiast bicycling in a country lane, thrilled because he sees that, worn and in parts broken, thrust across the opening of a shed, rests some old oak paneling. And while the owner of rare mahogany is soothing himself with the knowledge that he can, when he chooses, make a comfortable profit on the transaction, the traveler is wondering what makeshift chimneypiece or cupboard door may arise from his two shillings' worth of luck. The paneling is of no use in its present state: it is pitted from exposure: it is just old wood that must be re-mortised and converted. It is not luck of the first magnitude but an opportunity of making something redolent, without forgery, of an old and happy mien. Only, the humble enthusiast often flatters himself too complacently on his second-rate achievement: while, for whatever purpose, the rich man has procured something genuinely fine.

Rich and poor alike combine to-day to absorb all old furniture and household goods that are to be bought, with the result that, now more than ever, the poorer the collector, the more must he set his sentimental imagination to work, in order that some queer possession may in his own eyes become beautiful. So the lust of collecting grows, beyond Johnson's bounds of prudence and morality.

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[*The New Statesman*]

NATIONAL TYPES — THE ENGLISHMAN

One sometimes wonders where national types come from. One cannot help believing in them, and yet, if anybody says, 'So-and-So is a typical Englishman,' someone else is almost sure to contradict him. We differ, however, as to what the national type is, not as to whether such a thing as a national type exists. We have heard an occasional skeptic denying that there is any such person as a typical Englishman. The reply is that there is and there is n't.

The typical Englishman exists, not in the flesh, but as a standard. He is a formula. He is the lowest common multiple or the greatest common measure — we have long forgotten which is which — of thousands of Englishmen whose shadows have been thrown on the imagination. He is a sort of composite photograph. He is partly the result of one's own experience, and partly the result of the common experience. We could not easily paint a picture of him, however, that would not be a caricature. We should be puzzled even as to many of the details of his personal appearance. Should his eyes be blue or brown or gray? Should his hair be fair or brown? Should he be long or short? We can easily enough say what he is not like. His hair is not black like a Chinaman's. His eyes are not brown like a negro's. He is not so short as a Japanese. He is not so dark as a Hindu. He is not so excitable as a Frenchman. He is not so simple-minded as an American. He is not so *capable de tout* as a Russian.

Gradually, by process of elimination, we might come a little nearer to defining him. But there would be the danger that, having robbed him of all extremes, we might arrive at the conclusion that he was a 'neither-one-thing-nor-the-other' sort of person. We should portray him as a compromise.

It may be that this is the Englishman's genius. Perhaps it is symbolic of him that his eyes are neither blue nor brown, his hair neither gold nor black, his figure neither short nor tall, his temper neither savage nor gentle. But then one begins to wonder whether, after all, compromise is not a characteristic of the whole human race — or the successful part of it. The Frenchman, the German, and the Italian have all learned the great art of compromise.

We shall have to seek a further explanation than compromise before we find a satisfactory formula to embrace Nelson, Mr. Asquith, Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Massingham, Mr. Wells, Mr. Bottomley, Dr. Clifford, and Mr. Lansbury. There you have a list of Englishmen — men who would be recognized at a glance as Englishmen by any foreigner — and yet the only one of them who can be called a typical Englishman is Mr. Asquith. Probably his opponents would angrily deny that even Mr. Asquith is a typical Englishman; and it may be that the quality of his temper and his intellect is too excellent for him to be regarded as a typical figure in any community. But his coolness, his readiness to acknowledge events, his sense of tradition, his team play, his desire to speak well (even uncritically well) of his colleagues and of official persons, are

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all characteristics upon which many Englishmen pride themselves more than upon being the countrymen of Shakespeare.

By a curious chance, the person whom the typical Englishman — at least, the best type of Englishman — is most unlike is John Bull. That stupid and irascible figure of plethora — where is he to be found? One might walk the streets of London all day and never meet him once. He does not frequent fairs or markets. One never sees him driving a motor 'bus. There may be a few elderly gentlemen of a John Bull figure in clubs — men so naturally healthy that they have even survived their eating and drinking habits — but they are mere commentators without influence on events. They talk a great deal of politics, but they might as well talk racing for all the effect they have. They are not important but self-important. They are outside the national life. They could not get a seat even in the present Cabinet; they could not get a seat even in the present Parliament.

We suspect John Bull of being the invention of an anti-Englishman. If John Bull is an Englishman, he is the sort of Englishman intelligent Englishmen slip out of the room to avoid. He is arrogant, brainless, humorless (apart from bawdy and practical jokes), unsympathetic, a creature without imagination or any lovable quality. John Bull could never have done a single one of those things that have made the name of England renowned through the world. He could neither have written *Hamlet* nor have gone with Scott in search of the South Pole.

The three great contributions of England to the world, it seems to us, have been made in the spheres of poetry, adventure, and political liberty. John Bull would have scorned the first, hated the last, and been much too dull and fond of his food even to dream of quitting England in search of the impossible. The only fine quality he possesses — and it is undoubtedly a great quality — is dogged courage. John Bull may be as stupid as a stone wall, but he is also as unshakable. We have no doubt that it is this quality in him that has kept him alive in the popular imagination. Human beings, aware of the chase of hopes and fears that sweeps over them at times with so unsettling an effect, are led to worship an ideal of unflinching steadiness as though it were one of the primary virtues. It is certainly a virtue for lack of which the primary virtues are of little — or, at least, lessened — account. Thus it may be that John Bull, though he is not typical of Englishmen in general, either in his features or in his character as a whole, does typify the English love of doggedness and stability. One would like to believe that dogged courage is consistent with a little more charm of manner. But perhaps the average Englishman prefers his doggedness 'neat.'

John Bull, we may take it then, is neither the Englishman seen through English eyes nor the Englishman seen through foreign eyes, but a symbolic figure of one of the qualities which Englishmen most admire. How, on the other hand, does the Englishman see his average fellow countryman? Does he see him as a being like Viscount Chaplin or as a being like Mr. Herbert Fisher? He probably does not call up a visual image of him at all. He thinks of him chiefly as a blunt, honest man, whose word is his bond, who has a sort of schoolmaster's mission to the inferior and ungrateful outer world, the chivalrous protector of women, a moderate drinker with a hatred of teetotalers, with a touch of

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unimaginative stupidity that keeps the pure gold of his nature from being too soft, not a perfect man but a better man than any other man. The Englishman would not go further than that: he never boasts.

We have recently seen it stated somewhere that it was the hostile critics of the Englishman who describe him as stupid and unimaginative. We suspect, however, that it was the Englishman himself who first invented this description of himself. It seems odd that he should do so, seeing that he is not given to self-abasement. Mr. Shaw, if we remember right, attributes it to protective mimicry. The Englishman sits down, politically speaking, to play cards with the Irishman, and he at once begins telling the Irishman how brilliant he (the Irishman) is and what a blundering idiot he (the Englishman) is. The Irishman is only too ready to believe it is all true, and he shows his pleasure by the easy-going recklessness of his play Then, when the game comes to an end, and it is time to count one's winnings, the Irishman notices that there are no winnings for him to count, while the Englishman needs a bag in which to carry his away. Happy is the nation that can pretend to be stupid. Were we a wolf, we should say to the lamb: 'What a dazzling creature you are! How beautiful and how perfectly clever!' There could be no better way of insuring against hunger.

The national type which a people invents for its own composite portrait, however, is seldom the national type that the foreigner sees. The foreign eye is as a rule more destructive than the home eye. It is more inclined to judge of a nation by its worst types than by its best or even its average. Most foreigners (even in these days of intercourse among nations) still seem a little wicked to the ordinary eye. An Englishman can believe more easily in the criminality of a quite common-looking Frenchman than in that of a quite common-looking Englishman. One instinctively distrusts the stranger. In times of war this distrust becomes intensified into hatred, and hatred invents new national types. We saw this happening recently as regards Germany.

The German before the war had the name of being a stolid, philosophic beer-drinker, fat and fatherly, and reeking with tobacco fumes. He was suddenly transformed into a monster who would mutilate the dead and crucify the living. We heard a British officer the other day talking as though the unspeakable mutilation of the dead were a typical German act. He obviously believed what he said, but he was equally clearly generalizing from exceptional instances. And that is how all the most hostile portraits of national types are drawn. Some people, if they see a single drunken man in the streets during a visit to Edinburgh, will immediately form a generalization in their minds and imagine the drunken Scotsman as the national type.

Americans hear of a negro assaulting a white woman, and a generalized negro at once comes to birth in their imaginations, a racial type much addicted to that sort of crime. Statistics are of no avail against these products of the heated imagination. Nine hundred and ninety-nine negroes who behave well count as nothing in the balance against one negro who behaves ill. It is proved, we believe, that assaults on women by negroes are proportionately fewer than assaults by any other of the races inhabiting America. But racial generalizations are proof-proof.

At the present moment, we see some danger of the old, foolish general-

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izations about Irishmen reviving in this country. The Anglo-Irish quarrel is, we believe, producing fewer bloody crimes than a similar quarrel would produce in any other two countries in the world. Both the Irish and English are, in contrast to most races, humane and respecters of life. Yet many Englishmen are beginning to regard the typical Irishman once more as something of a monster — an assassin, cattle maimer, and all the rest of it; while many Irishmen regard the typical Englishman as equally a monster — a man anxious for a pious excuse to shed blood, unscrupulous, cruel, and false. Anyone who knows both races knows that these 'national types' simply do not exist except in the excited brains of politicians.

There are men both in England and in Ireland who would gladly defeat the other side at the expense of an abundant flow of blood. But neither the typical Englishman nor the typical Irishman is anxious to commit monstrous crimes against the other. Murders in Ireland are exceedingly rare. All the murderers in Ireland could be packed into a lift and have plenty of room to move about. Similarly, Irishmen are mistaken when they imagine that the young English lieutenant, who was responsible for getting Father O'Donnell thrown into prison and out of Ireland, was a typical Englishman. We fear, however, that in Ireland he will be generally so regarded. And, indeed, his reckless and insane misunderstanding of what he heard — which Irishmen will put down to deliberate falsehood — is symbolical of the government of Ireland, though it does not give us a typical Englishman.

Passion, however, makes its own types. Neither Jew nor Christian can escape the net of the angry generalizer. That is why every man who makes a fool of himself in the presence of foreigners is doing an injury to his country. He ceases to be himself and becomes a national type.

[*The London Mercury*]

THE ROCK POOL

BY EDWARD SHANKS

This is the sea. In these uneven walls
A wave lies prisoned. Far and far away,
Outward to ocean as the slow tide falls,
Her sisters, through the capes that hold the bay,
Dancing in lovely liberty recede.
Yet lovely in captivity she lies,
Filled with soft colors, where the waving weed
Moves gently and discloses to our eyes
Blurred shining veins of rock and lucent shells
Under the light-shot water; and here repose
Small quiet fish and the dimly glowing bells
Of sleeping sea-anemones that close
Their tender fronds and will not now awake
Till on these rocks the waves returning break.

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[*The Athenæum, December 5, 1919*]

COTERIES

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

When I am as old as Mr. Edmund Gosse, and the young authors of that far-off time are brought before me for benediction, I shall perform a great service to letters. I shall be the *doyen* of the age. And my service will consist in the presentation to each aspirant of a simple West-Country inkpot, such as I have myself, bearing the inscription: 'Daunt 'ee keep on talkin' 'bout it, but du 'ee tak' an' write.' For if there is one thing upon earth that justifies young men and maidens in taking to the pen it is the assiduous exercise of their craft.

The present age wastes half its energies in talk, and especially in the assessment and rejection of rival contemporary talent. Its literary section hurries from place to place, like the hysterical crowd of distraction seekers in another *monde;* and it takes with it endlessly and always the same small talk of the coterie. The coterie is the sworn enemy of the commonwealth of letters, because the business of the coterie is to puff up its own members and to decry the members of all other coteries whatsoever. Coterie begets self-protective coterie; and the ring of coteries makes for general slander and fracas. The coterie is thus anti-social, and it also, by creating acute self-consciousness in its members, hampers them in their production of personally original work. This is its principal fault, and it is one of singular and unhappy importance at the present time.

A coterie many arise in many ways. It may be the result of a common vapidity or of a common ill-success, or it may follow the success of some one man and form around his personality. In the latter case, the personality is dwarfed by the surrounding disciples, both because it is subject to the vagaries of their taste, and because it is through some weakness in the personality that the constant association with others has become a necessity to the leader. It is the old story, in fact, of the desire of the star for the moth. The coterie, once formed, has its meetings at which nothing is talked but 'shop,' either in the discussion of work just produced or in the dissection of character or the relation of personal anecdote. Insensibly, the tone of a coterie grows mean and splenetic. It is soon, apart from applause of its own members, given over to destructive comments upon the work and character of those outside the circle. Its anecdotes become serious attempts at ridicule. For it must be remembered that a coterie is a serious organization, a place for thin laughter, and not a place where nonsense can be talked for fun. The jokes current in a coterie are jokes rising from the talkers' sense of superiority to the rest of the world. They are horrid little jokes, trivial and malicious. Because that is the result of the atmosphere of a coterie.

Whatever the honesty which has led to its formation, a coterie always grows into a secret and deformed thing. It will be driven back upon itself, to a kind of perverted egoism. Comparisons will be its odious material, and comparisons create every unpleasant reaction possible among jealous men and women. It will suggest an opinion, will harden it into a dogma, will seek to make that dogma an accepted creed. Instead of disinterestedly loving literature, it will have opinions about it. It will attempt to proselytize. It may come at length to believe that there lies within its power the administration of the rewards and punishments of contemporary criticism. This is an illusion.

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We are now looking round after an appalling disruption of normal life, and the possibilities are all in favor of greatly increased artistic endeavor. The time is unrestful, but it is not unreceptive. We need concerted action among writers as we need it in all other sections of the community. But not the concerted action of committees or cliques, for committees kill the thing they love with over-much consideration, while cliques, jealous and sneering, kill the creative impulse in their members. Collectivism in art can be nothing more than desire for the freedom to attain a common ideal. It does not imply a herd of writers busy upon the same job and giving their chief thoughts to the destruction of rivals with dissimilar methods; but uses at its highest the motto 'live and let live,' because in creative freedom lies the road to true creative wealth. Concerted effort, therefore, is the effort to justify art to the philistines, and not to destroy its examples for the banal amusement of dilettanti.

There is something worthy in such an enterprise. There is nothing at all worthy in getting together in restricted circles and making a private magic for half a dozen persons; in grasping opportunities for the belittlement of those for whom we entertain distaste or dislike; and in pushing the wares of our friends by persuading others to over-estimate their virtues. The whole of the influence of the coterie is evil, because it is stained with pettiness and with the pursuit of immediate ends.

The member of any coterie cannot, for example, praise with warm sincerity the work of writers outside its circle. He must join in the chorus of depreciation which arises from his fellows. He catches their tone; and he repeats their catchwords. The distaste rises, is talked into vehemence, is a thing settled finally, so that the question cannot afterwards be reconsidered. The dangers of such warfare upon all that lies outside the coterie must be manifest. It is a direct encouragement to the spirit of intolerance and persecution. Coupled with a sort of complementary resentment, a tearing at the works of the aggressive coterie, and retaliatory depreciation of all its deeds, it is an unhappy challenge to dislike and animosity. Malice spreads abroad; tales are disseminated; and there are hostilities the more lamentable because they are so petty and so ungenerous

This is a wrong spirit in which to live with one's fellow craftsmen, and if it is not checked by some appeal to reason and common aim its consequences will embitter and corrode the creative impulse of our time. We shall strive, not to express our true intent, but only to restrain or destroy our rivals, who have become in such mean, such ungracious, comparison our enemies. The coterie, then, is a sign of perverted social effort, since its effects are those of exclusion. It is the sign, also, of a decay of creative force. Just as one does not whistle and run, so one does not, at the same time, create and persecute. There can be no question as to which is the more valuable part of the writer's occupation. It is by his work, and not by his jealousies or his repressions, that we judge a man. But to be judged at all he must work; and if he gives to his friendly rivals the gratitude of a flattered child, and to his unfriendly rivals the bitter and wasteful detraction of an enemy, our young writer will live no life but the literary life of his coterie, and will never break through its conventional bounds into the wider realm of untrammeled effort. It is not in the bloodless life of the coterie that he will find health and vigor. It is in the free exercise of his talent.

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These are some of the considerations which I may reveal to aspirants who marvel at my present of an inkpot with so baffling a motto. But the gift will not occur for many years, when I am as old as Mr. Edmund Gosse.

[*To-day*]

POCKETS

BY CLAUDE TESSIER

In the old and happy far-off days of an army in red coats and striped, blue trousers, the soldier, fighting his mimic battles on Salisbury Plain, had many things to be thankful for. But now he has lost the distinction of belonging to a professional caste clad in rainbow raiment; he has been democratized, and clothed in bilious yellow-brown, and his quondam finery has been relegated to the region of opera and farce; even so, he has gained one privilege which, to some extent, atones for the vanished glories of his pre-war days — he may now possess and *use* a pocket.

Not so in the time of pipe-clay, and pill-box over the right ear. True, there were one or two slits masquerading as pockets in the less accessible parts of his stifling regimentals, but sergeant-majors of the old school had an eagle eye for a crinkle or bulge which spoiled the symmetry of a company at the ''tion,' and many a warrior worked out in 'C.B.' the unpardonable crime of pocketing anything more substantial than his pride or an insult. The poker-backed, tight-belted Tommy found it expedient to keep his handkerchief (if he were luxuriously inclined) up his sleeve, his fags in his hat, his girl's photograph round his neck, and his money in his boots. If there was no money, as quite frequently was the case when the service meant one shilling per diem, and nothing said about deductions, I'm afraid his heart occupied the place left vacant by the coin.

Tempora mutantur . . . however, and the khaki tunics have four pockets, which are even more obtrusive than their civilian counterparts, the khaki trousers have at least two, and the khaki soldier not only keeps his hanky, Woodbines, dibs, and girl's photo where his hands can easily reach his treasures, but — I whisper it low for fear the troubled shade of a pre-war non-com. should go a-haunting if he hears — he even keeps his hands there too. Not always, you understand, not on parade; but when, on leave for a brief spell, he feels himself justly entitled to relax the rigor of military law in favor of an attitude of nonchalance and to hell with all red-caps.

Civilian dress in the twentieth century certainly has many disadvantages. Scarcity of pocket space cannot be counted one, though, for I have just gone over my pockets as I sit here writing, and I find there are no less than twelve scattered about my puny person. That number should be enough for anyone except, perhaps, a burglar or conjurer, and, in fact, is more than sufficient for my needs; rather the trouble lies in the direction of keeping them well filled in these days of rations and high prices. Some types of persons are known by their pockets. Who has not wondered at the vasty deeps of the recesses in the garments of the gentleman with the unshaved chin and the tea-can? Give a tramp a piece of meat, and you will be amazed to see appear from nowhere a huge chunk of grimy bread, a mighty clasp-knife, the aforesaid tea-can, half full of cold tea or beer, and many other *et ceteras* — all from the gentleman's coat pockets.

Then there are boys. The weaker

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sort of humorist has exploited *ad nauseam* the amusement that can be got from the enumeration of the miscellany that reposes in the average urchin's scanty habiliments. Pieces of string, marbles and mice, toffee and tram-tickets, peg-tops and periwinkles, and the-lord-knows-what, which inhabited our pockets at the age of eleven, used to be very funny to think of; but since Thackeray began it the thing has been decidedly overdone, like some war-time regulations which I had better not particularize. And now to the ladies. Grannies, for instance. Why on earth do the dear old things have their pockets placed in such inaccessible eyries? To observe one of them fumbling amid the folds of a capacious red petticoat, whenever her kind heart prompts her to distribute largess in the public highway, brings a blush to my cheek and a sadness in my soul at the thought of the vagaries of benevolence and dressmakers.

Working back from age to youth I take my next example from the days of the hobble. I recollect seeing some pretty manœuvres by fair forms in the effort to discover a hidden hanky or purse. Not every young lady cares about carrying a hand-bag wherever she goes, and once when I was out with a very particular friend, I was puzzled to note that I repeatedly caught her bending throughout the evening. I knew she had acquired a good, all-round cold a few days before, but that did not account for her continual shrimp-like postures. A suspicion crossed my mind that, like Sir Walter Scott on one occasion, she had been taken in company with cramp in the stomach, and was too maidenly modest to mention the matter. Being a writing man and, consequently, rather irritable, at the fifth time that I found myself speaking to her shapely back, I asked her mildly, when her flushing face reappeared by my side, whether she desired to be taken home. Oh, no, she was quite well, thank you, but as a hobble left absolutely no room for it anywhere else, she was compelled to carry her handkerchief in the top of her stocking.

To a young child a grown-up's pockets are a boundless mine of fairy gold. Only very occasionally, however, are little hands permitted to explore. But then do the bright eyes shine with a joy which is excelled only on the day when they see pockets of their own. As we grow older we often develop favoritism toward a particular pocket. This depends chiefly on position, and I suppose side trouser pockets are easily first in popularity. They are so very handy. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has placed on record that with a bunch of keys on one side and some small change on the other, and each hand well buried and jingling hard, he feels equal to face all the supreme issues of life. He can then even boldly interrogate a railway booking-clerk, question a female post-office assistant, or *order* a taximan to take him home at night.

Which reminds me. One day a short while ago, about the beginning of the month, when publishers usually send out their checks, I was hurrying along a main thoroughfare in order to catch a train, when I felt a slight tickling sensation along my right leg. As I was bent on being on the inside of that train I paid no heed and strode onward. Presently, however, there seemed to be something happening in my rear, and 'Hi, mister! hi, mister! hi, mister!' was wafted into my preoccupied consciousness. I stopped, and glancing behind, saw such a searching going on as had scarcely happened in Britain since the days of 'hidden treasure.' Then half a dozen gamins came careering forward, the

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vanguard of that army of the unoccupied which is always to the fore in street accidents and the like, holding aloft coin of the realm of various values which they gave me to understand had been dribbling from my trousers for the last five minutes. By the time I had settled the unspoken, but none the less insistent, claims of the restorers of my wealth, I was not much better off than had I left it along the roadway. I did not catch that train. I remained in town and retired to a quiet little place round the corner, where I soothed my shattered soul and swore softly to myself on the treachery of the shoddy cloth of my second-best trousers.

The man who designs a satisfactory method of carrying lead pencils in a pocket will, I believe, benefit humanity only second to the inventors of gun-powder, tanks, telephones, tinned meats, and the many other inestimable blessings of our civilization. Should you carry a pencil in your waist pocket it will rattle to the ground whenever you say your prayers, stoop to recover a dropped stud, run after your hat, or do anything else that jerks or inclines your body from the strictly vertical. If you place one in the pocket of your jacket it will sooner or later mysteriously disappear and be discovered wandering along the lining of your clothes. Of course, you can use one of those shining fountain pen clips, but I dislike them, for they smack too much of the grocery-order man or the small rent collector. Like the pen or pencil stuck behind an ear they are too businesslike for ordinary genteel life. So occasional memoranda must, meanwhile, be written on the tablets of the mind, because pencils and pockets disagree.

My cousin, Ebenezer Potwollop, hates pockets as some men hate women and cats. Whether it be present vanity or past misadventure that causes his aversion, I know not, but certainly the old gentleman looks wondrous slim and sleek in his pocketless suits. But during the war he was in difficulties. You see, although Cousin Potwollop did n't carry a pudding in his hat, like the man in *The Uncommercial Traveler*, he was forced, during the strenuous recent past, to wear headgear a little generous in interior accommodation. Also, although usually regarded as a rather churlish fellow, he pleased his relations by unaccustomed politeness; for he was quite often seen with his hat in his hand, even as the person Sam Johnson met while walking down the Strand. The reason being that when traveling, and having no pockets, he was compelled to carry in the lining of his hat the treasury notes and the sugar card and the tea-and-margarine card and the registration card and the birth certificate and the meat coupons and the sugar bottle and the pass into prohibited areas and all the other ephemera (let us hope) so necessary for a British citizen to produce on the demand of competent and incompetent authorities and officials while Britain was at war.

He is now contemplating the founding of a 'No-pocket Society,' and has secured a promise of membership from a large number of persons who don't eat meat and don't wear hats and don't smoke and don't drink, and can't bear fishing and don't shoot and won't kill; in fact, the class of 'antis' who seem not to indulge in anything that makes life worth living, and he is looking forward to being the Society's first president. But the Society is not unanimous on my cousin's fitness to occupy that noble post, and I regret to say that the highbrows have descended to some bitter recriminations over the respective claims of several

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rival candidates. So the inauguration ceremony is postponed pending a settlement. Meanwhile, the slim-fingered pickpocketing gentry, who are nimble wherever two or three persons are gathered together, will thank heaven and human vanity for their respite.

[*Les Annales*]

ODETTE, JEUNE FILLE FRANCAISE

Monsieur Faucigny, the father of Odette, was spared the most cruel experience which can befall a ruined man. He died before he knew how great his ruin was, died between two invitations to dinner. The funeral, in spite of the financial difficulties of the family, was decorous and grave; there was even music, and it was not until a week had passed that the notary revealed to Madame Faucigny the news which aged her over night.

When she knew that she would soon have to give up everything, leave her apartment, her furniture, her companions, perhaps even Paris itself, and go to live, heaven knows how, in some forlorn place along with a twenty-year-old daughter without either a future or a dowry, she underwent an incredible change and became a hopeless old woman. She became incapable of resolution; her mind found a place only for nervous distress. And the matter which tormented her the most was the question—'How shall I tell this to Odette? How can she bear such a blow?'

Slim, and *elegante*, Odette Faucigny little thought that the spring of their financial means had gone dry, and that it was hers to weep two losses at once. She had never seemed anything else than a doll. She was not exactly pretty; there was a something oriental, a certain Chinese look in her eyes. Yet her coloring was rosy and clear. Her charm lay in her smile. Instead of having one smile which did duty for every occasion, Odette's smiles ranged the entire keyboard from the bass notes to the highest trebles; with a smile she could express everything, even the little fugitive sorrows which an unpleasant word thrusts into the heart. And she was a real living woman, a true *jeune fille*, such as are to be found, not in books, but in France itself. Modern minded, honest, and brave, she was neither self-conscious nor bold.

What would happen when the truth of affairs was revealed to Odette? What would she say on discovering that of the family fortune a sum less than twenty thousand francs net remained? That the daily bread even would soon be lacking?

When Odette entered, with a smile on her lips that said 'I am with you still—let us try to be happy,' Madame Faucigny drew her to her side, and in a troubled and broken voice began to tell her of long past events, of her father's first losses on the stock exchange. Then, as the story continued, Odette, who had at first understood but little, grasped the truth and said:

'Then we are ruined?'

The mother kept silence. Odette burst into a storm of tears so impetuous and sincere, that her mother knew that her own sorrow was less keen than her daughter's.

'Do not cry like that,' begged Madame Faucigny, 'if I could but tell you how it hurts me——'

But her words were of no avail. At the end of a half hour, Odette became calmer, and after studying the golden light of late afternoon which was pouring into the chamber, she said:

'You know it is not the money that I regret. But—I shall be left alone.'

'You love somebody?'

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Odette said no word. Her mother continued with a trace of the theatre in her accent:

'But, my child, if he leaves you now, he will but show that he is unworthy of you.'

'Oh, mother, they are all alike. Well, you see I am myself, again; I can reason quite calmly. How are we to earn our living?

Madame Faucigny sighed.

'My poor child, we shall be obliged to sell our handful of paintings, the portrait by Mignard, The Lost Paradise of Breughel, for which we have had several offers, the tableau by Poussin — all must go.'

'Five hundred francs at auction for them all,' said Odette. 'And afterwards — what? You know that the seventeenth century is in style nowadays.'

But Madame Faucigny had no thought of the distant future. She clasped her hands together in a painful gesture as if to say that the future would be a time of privation and wretchedness.

'No!' said Odette, taking her mother's hands in her own — 'I have often thought of what I should do when trouble came.'

'You?'

'Yes. One sees so many disasters. And I have made up my mind as to what I shall do if you are willing. For I do not intend to see you ruining your eyes by doing sewing for a few centimes a day. I am the one to go to work. And in spite of my two diplomas, no teaching, if you please. I shall not be a teacher. Teaching is always the same old game, a dangerous matter when one is pretty, a sorrowful matter when one is not. One sells one's liberty, one's heart, one's youth for a mockery of a salary, a salary that will provide neither a dowry nor an old age fund. What, then, is left to us? I cannot write; you cannot keep a *bureau de tabac*. Therefore, I shall keep a shop.

'Odette!'

'I shall have a little shop. I have a good enough business head, and I have taste. With what we can save from the shipwreck I shall buy a little shop of white goods. We shall move from here. I shall have girls to work for me and your task it will be to oversee them. I shall run the shop and sell at the counter. Do not fear, I can carry it through. And in ten years time, when I am thirty years old, things will probably be not half bad, at least I shall be neither dependent, compromised, nor ruined.'

And she smiled, with the proud smile of youth.

'I mean every word of it. I have courage enough to undertake this scheme, and there is a real chance of success.'

And it has happened. Mademoiselle Odette Faucigny, with her many smiles, presides over a shop of Trousseaux and Layettes. Because of the *English spoken* on the doorway of her shop, her neighbors think her an American. She has not the time to undeceive them. She keeps ten working girls busy, who love her for the pretty manner in which she says:

'Mademoiselle Madeleine — you are dreaming!'

Her mother does nothing at all. She has kept her dressmaker and the Breughel. Her one fault is babbling of the names of the world's great to her purchasers. Only yesterday, she exclaimed:

'Our excellent friend Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquis of Barbizon ——'

But Odette carried the day.

'One of our best clients,' she added gently.

Little by little the circumstances of the Faucignys improve. Their faith in life has returned and with it — joy.

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[*L'Echo de Paris*]

A VISIT TO M. PAUL BOURGET

BY GERARD BAUER

At the end of the Rue de Bourgogne, after having followed the Rue de Varenne for a few rods, the Rue Barbet de Jouy dwells in its provincial and becalmed solitude. If a wagon passes, the street rings as does a village street when heavy farm tumbrils rattle on over the stones. Along its borders rise the façades of quiet sleeping houses, in whose upper windows may be seen the images of hidden gardens. In the heart of the street, facing the old mansion of the De Chaneilles, stands a two-story house. It is the house of M. Paul Bourget.

Often have I rung at that door; the face of the vigilant *concierge* is familiar to me. Let us go up to the apartment in which M. Bourget pursues his literary labors.

Meeting one springtime afternoon the caricaturist Sem (who surely must have lost his way in the quarter), M. Bourget hailed him joyously. 'Come and rest a while at my house,' said he, 'you shall see the most old-fashioned apartment in Paris.' Sem accepted quickly, and arriving at the house soon saw that M. Bourget had exaggerated. True, there were neither black nor white carpets on the floors nor sofas heaped with cushions of gold brocade; nevertheless, M. Bourget's salon is not of 1830; it does not resemble the room in which Mme. Beauséans lingered regretting her lost youth. It is the dwelling of a man of letters; simple furniture serves to support knick-knacks, *objets d'art*, souvenirs; on the walls hang paintings and portraits of famous friends and literary masters. In the study, into which a subdued light alone penetrates, shelves of books cover one whole wall; on the author's worktable, within reach of the hand, lie the works of Balzac. I have never gone into this room without finding the author at his desk. He writes every morning, sometimes he writes part of the afternoon and the evening. This uninterrupted labor has brought forth five or six books of criticism and more than fifty novels. I expressed to M. Bourget my admiration of his fine example.

'If I succeed in giving the younger literary generation a taste for work,' said M. Bourget, 'I shall consider my time well spent. From the moment one has chosen a life work, one must keep passionately at the task. Young writers must not be hypercritical. Write one novel, then two, then three, fifty if you can, and if you manage to write among these a *Manon Lescaut* or a *Eugenie Grandet*, you can await the future without worry. The masters, take notice, the great masters, are not the subtle and meticulous, but the believers who mould types into living matter. Look at Balzac. What truth! What a treasury! I remember seeing poor Barbey D'Aurevilly standing solitary before one of the opened volumes of the *Comédie Humaine*. He pointed to it, and exclaimed in a voice of mingled admiration and regret: "This man makes me desperate!"'

One should hear M. Bourget speak of a favorite. Though at an age in which the fires of emotion are held in control, M. Bourget speaks with the verve and enthusiasm of youth. He walks about, stops to convince you, uses lively gestures. I expressed to him my admiration for this fire.

'Yet what could be more natural?' said he. 'One must love what one does. Only thus does one obtain action and effect. To-day I am at work on a chronicle of the times; I deal with the labor crisis — with the foul and bar-

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barous idea that labor is but a means of obtaining money or blackmailing the great society in which we all must live. There is a nobler ideal. Labor is the very nobility of men, the source of their joy and their healthy pride. The man who labors is of himself noble and beautiful. The artisan who loved his labor and sought to perfect it has, to the great chagrin of the world, disappeared. And because of his disappearance, the sum total of beauty in the world has grown less.'

'Do you not think that the debuts of young men of letters of to-day are less cordially received and make less of a stir than they did in your time? Has not the immense size of the reading public forced upon the new writers a certain mediocrity?'

'There is nothing fixed. The questions are always the same. Perhaps the flood tide of journalism has lowered the general taste; nevertheless, there is always a public for serious, intellectual work. I do not know what my work will be worth, I often have my doubts, but when I realize that such soberly written books as the *Sens de la Mort* and the *Demon de Midi* have each of them sold to the tune of over a hundred thousand copies, I cannot but realize that there is a large public for work of a certain tone. Perhaps a democracy does not favor the flowering of talent. But one must struggle, must struggle ever, must follow the path marked out by one's tastes and convictions.'

'What are you writing now?'

'Many things. I have written *Laurence Albani* for a review. I am working on a longish novel, *The Eleventh Hour*. I am always busy, and I live because I work. In a hundred years time, should they dig me up, they will know me by the inkstain in the bone of my right middle finger. But enough of myself. Have you read in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the pages in which Pierre Loti speaks of his first youth? They are beautiful indeed. Listen to the first lines:

'Since my earliest youth, with boyish and despairing insistence, I have toiled to fix in words the fleeting world; in that vain and daily labor have I worn my life away. I sought to prevent the flow of time, to restore vanished scenes, to preserve old dwellings, old trees, to make eternal even those humble things which should be but a passing memory.'

M. Bourget continued to read from these pages in which another great writer of these times has voiced the melancholy of an ebbing life. So profoundly did M. Bourget feel the beauty, and the drama of the lines, that the reviewer himself shared his sincerity and his emotion.

[*The Review of Reviews*]

RELIGION AND DRINK

BY THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD

PROHIBITION is a modern policy, but it expresses an ancient fallacy. It is an attempt to cure a vice by destroying the possibility of its practice. If experience be worth anything as a guide to life, then this method is bound to fail. The vice may seem to vanish, but it will only have grown furtive, and when opportunity comes it will break out in more virulent forms. Prohibition only succeeds when it registers a conclusion of the general reason, and proclaims a verdict of the general conscience. Various cruel sports have been successfully prohibited, because there was a practical unanimity of reasonable men in condemning them. Dueling has been successfully prohibited because it offended the common sense of intelligent men. Drinking alcoholic liquors

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will only be successfully prohibited when the practice has been generally abandoned. The law will then register the common will, and carry the sanctions of the common conscience.

It is notorious that at the present time, so far from the consumption of alcoholic liquors being generally abandoned, the precise contrary is the case among civilized nations. Total abstinence is an Anglo-Saxon eccentricity which has scarcely gained any following outside Britain and America. Historically it is very recent among Anglo-Saxons, and it has certainly not yet escaped from the disadvantages which attach to eccentricity. In America, for a variety of reasons, eccentricity has a freer scope and a more extensive influence than in the older and more civilized community of Britain, but even there it is practically certain that prohibition has commended itself less by its own merits than by its incidental advantages. The magnates of organized industry have realized the economic gain of temperance among their workmen, and they have readily accepted a policy which, while curbing the self-indulgence of the multitude, has not interfered with their own. The emergency of the war compelled the nation to accept large surrenders of liberty in the interest of efficiency. When production had to be hastened at any price, and the loss of time through drunkenness could not safely be tolerated, there were obvious reasons why the state should adopt a policy which promised an immediate escape from this source of military weakness. The circumstance that the great liquor interests of the republic were mainly in the hands of hyphenated Americans, whose hearts were not unreasonably suspected of being in the enemy's camp, facilitated the acceptance of the policy. There were other, and more normal, reasons. The women and the clergy were generally in sympathy with a policy which restrained the mischievous influence of the saloon, an institution which in America has acquired a sinister reputation that has no parallel in the case of the British public house. Add that the climatic conditions of America are more friendly to total abstinence than the moister climate of Britain, and it need not surprise us that prohibition has succeeded in winning a dramatic victory at the polls, and that the great republic is for the moment 'bone-dry.'

But America, which has led the way in prohibition, has done much to discount her own example. For the futility of the policy of coercion in the interests of virtue has nowhere been more plainly exhibited. The devices for defeating the anti-liquor laws have for many years amused and scandalized the more law-abiding British, who have visited the United States. There seems no reason in the nature of things why the republic as a whole should fare better in this respect than its constituent states. Already the newspapers are full of cunningly contrived expedients for evading the new law. It is as certain as anything human can be that evasion will be widespread, and that the respect for law, which has always been deplorably weak among the citizens of the American republic, will be still further enfeebled. But even in its partial enforcement prohibition brings many evils. The rapid extension of the drug habit seems to be an infallible consequence of prohibition. It is a question whether the political mischief of evasion is a greater evil than the physical and moral degradation of the drug habit. Both are certain where prohibition exists.

If the habit of sobriety were established in the mass of the population, it might be arguable that even these evils might be endured since they

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affect but a minority of the citizens. But our experience of American and Colonial troops, many of whom have come from communities where prohibition or its equivalent has been the rule, has led us gravely to doubt the value of the abstinence from excess which is insured by a removal of the opportunity of drinking. The military and civil authorities have had great trouble with the disorder and drunkenness of these troops. It would seem that they have little power of resisting temptation, and a very low level of self-respect. We must add that they have brought the pestilent habit of cocaine taking into this country. On the whole we are less disposed to look kindly upon prohibition since the experiences of the war have enlarged our knowledge of it.

Prohibition is a red herring drawn across the path of the social reformer. It promises large profits and quick returns. All its achievements are gained on the morrow of its adoption. No policy, therefore, lends itself to easier advocacy among those large classes of the community to whom statistics of results are the Alpha and Omega of convincing proof. But time discloses the defects of prohibition. Within a few years drinking proceeds in hardly less quantity than before, and in far worse forms. We prefer to solve our problem of drunkenness by sounder, though slower, methods. The improvement in the drinking habits of the British people during the last half century has been very marked. No one can mingle in the vast crowds which take their pleasure on a bank holiday, and not marvel at the general sobriety and good conduct. Many of us are old enough to compare with what now exists a state of things which was woefully different.

When I became Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, there were yet living in the parish old people who could describe the disgusting spectacle of drunkards lying on the pavements which encountered them as they made their way to church on Sunday mornings. What member of our generation can recall anything of the kind? It was much the same in the North. I have moved about among the thousands of miners who crowded into Durham on the annual holiday, and I have wondered at the general temperance. The scenes of drunkenness and disorder, which older men have described to me, have wholly vanished. The evidence from every part of the country is the same. Drunkenness has diminished, and is diminishing.

The reasons are not obscure, and they have nothing to do with the crude tyranny of prohibition. Since 1870 our people have been in possession of a general system of education. Successive Acts of Parliament have improved and extended it until it has become an effective instrument of mental and moral discipline. Municipal government has become far more elaborate and enterprising. Parks, public baths, free libraries, better-lighted streets, vastly improved means of communication, have made possible a far richer and more varied life than was formerly accessible to the British artisan. The better wages and shorter hours of the workmen have raised their whole estimate of life. Only one great social improvement remains unaccomplished, the provision of better housing. When that has been effected (and the most elaborate plans are in making for the purpose) the main source of popular drunkenness will have been removed, and we may confidently expect a marked improvement in the sobriety of the people. In view of all these facts, what reason have we for turning away from the course of steady social advance, and taking up with this Ameri-

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can folly of prohibition? We should be flying in the face of our own experience, and meriting the trouble which we should surely have to face.

So far I have considered prohibition from a purely civic point of view. But I object to it also from the point of view of a Christian minister. It is quite impossible for the Christian Church to endorse the prohibitionist assumption that alcoholic beverages are anti-social poisons which cannot safely be permitted in a self-respecting community. We should have to expurgate the Bible, transform the Holy Communion, and revise the Church Catechism, for all these take for granted that such beverages are good gifts of God, to be received with thankfulness by Christian men, and used with moderation. The low standard of education among the general body of the Nonconformists has given wide acceptance to the absurd notion that the wine mentioned in the Bible was not fermented, and it has even been argued that there was water and not wine in the Cup at the institution of the Lord's Supper. It breeds a kind of despair in one's mind when such absurdities can persist in circulation in spite of refutation renewed a thousand times. Argument is futile in face of fanaticism. The error must be left to die out before the steady influx of knowledge.

The unbroken practice of the Church from the first cannot be abandoned now at the insistence of a bigoted faction. Reverence for the Divine Founder of Christianity forbids an endorsement of opinions which, if they be sound, convict Him of a strange inability to judge what the best interests of mankind require. The Church of Christ is not an Anglo-Saxon institution. Throughout the greater portion of its membership total abstinence is unknown except as the odd habit of a few sectaries. A temperate use of alcoholic beverages has been from the first, is still, and will certainly remain the habit of the general mass of Christians. The enactment of prohibition would precipitate a sharp conflict between Church and State. An exception for the purpose of Holy Communion could hardly meet the case. It would be too absurd for the law to prohibit as anti-social a beverage which was permitted in the central act of the Christian Religion.

There is also the consideration that the inclusion of total abstinence in the scheme of Christian morality must needs add a formidable difficulty to the Christian Message as it is presented in the world to-day. Already it is the case that large sections of the people have come to associate total abstinence so closely with the Christian profession, that they practically identify the two. To be a Christian, they think, must mean being a total abstainer. The habits of their class, and their own preference, make them refuse the last, and so doing they conceive themselves implicitly to refuse the first. I am persuaded that a formidable obstácle in the way of religion is here created by well-intentioned but mistaken Christian men. When we preach the duty of temperance, we carry the assent of every honest man's conscience, but when we preach total abstinence we raise up against us the common sense of ordinary men. It is impossible to exaggerate the gravity of thus throwing the general conscience into opposition. The secret of the continuing power of Christianity to win the acceptance of ordinary men and women lies precisely in the fact that the Christian demands are so plainly congruous with reason and conscience that to repudiate them is to do violence to both. Everything, therefore, that effects a breach be-

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tween Christianity and the plain man's sense of right is from the Christian minister's point of view suicidal.

There are other considerations which go to confirm my aversion to prohibition, which I condemn on broad grounds of civic and religious principle. I think that prohibition is only likely to be passed in any Anglo-Saxon community by the female vote, and that fact will tend directly, not only to foster contempt for the law, but also to create an unhappy relation between the sexes. It will be extremely unfortunate if the voters are divided into parties on a sex-basis. Nothing could more effectually promote this unhappy situation than the passing of a prohibition law. The habits of the two sexes are, for intelligible reasons, very different on this point, and they are likely to continue to be different. Men and women will take a different point of view when they approach liquor legislation. The law will certainly be passed, if it is passed at all, by women for men, and it will be resented the more for that reason. The resentment will find expression outside the political arena.

Prohibition can only be effective and socially innocuous if it expresses, not the success of a faction, but the settled will of the community as a whole. If its presupposition be sound (that alcoholic beverages are anti-social poisons), then the whole influence of the medical and teaching professions ought to be cast against them, and the self-interest of every individual ought to be engaged in the case. When such an unanimity of condemnation has been reached, there will be no need of a political agitation to abolish the consumption of alcoholic beverages. The ancient drinking habit of the British people will fall of its own accord. Until it does so, the cause of temperance had better be kept free from any taint of coercion.

[*Country Life*]

THE POPLARS

BY ISABEL BUTCHART

In stifling lane and garden bed
The flowers droop, listless in the heat,
O'er petals lying dead.
The elms stand motionless. The fir's
Hot scent hangs stagnant. No breath stirs
Across the shining wheat.

But far above the flowers a-swoon,
And far above the silent sheaves,
From pallid dawn to languid noon,
The poplar trees are whispering low
To little secret winds that blow
Among their murmuring leaves.
The poplar trees are singing, throughout the sultry hours —
Songs the cherished garden flowers
Will never, never know;
Songs the blessed harvest field will never, never know —
Are singing to the little winds that flutter to and fro.

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TALK OF EUROPE

WHILE the supply of domestic servants still seems inadequate to the demand it is surprising, says the *Manchester Guardian*, that more people do not endeavor to obtain ex-soldiers for their homes. At one organization alone that interests itself in the welfare of ex-service men there are one hundred and fifty names registered of men who want employment as servants in civil life. This association is the Comrades of the Great War, with headquarters in Grosvenor Crescent.

In the old days of the regular army it was quite a common thing for officers to run their homes on one maid and a soldier servant. The soldier was the handy man of the house who could do anything that was wanted — answer the door, wait at table, make the beds, clean the silver, and if need be give a hand in the garden, stable, or garage. The experience of most householders who have had ex-soldiers in their homes is that the men suffer from none of the drawbacks of the professional man-servant, who often appears limited by a kind of 'caste' from doing many sorts of work.

A bachelor, of course, who has had the good fortune to retain the services of his old soldier servant may indeed count himself lucky.

FRANCE'S financial position, indeed, needs somebody of mental stature to deal with it. The disastrous rate of exchange is not expected to change appreciably for the better till December at least. In the meantime, trade is suffering badly from the shortage of silver money. The French are very apt to take fright financially, and when they do that, their first thought is to hoard. They don't trust banks, the sight of a check troubles and disturbs them; they hate the thought that their neighbors might somehow get to know how much or how little money they have; they cling to the stocking-foot. In the more liberal-minded classes this affection only appears in moments of crisis; but the bourgeoisie and the peasant and the laborer still firmly believe in the hoard behind the chimney-brick or between the mattresses. Whenever anything goes wrong in France, money vanishes from the market.

AN ex-chaplain, the Reverend T. H. Masters of East Meon Vicarage, Petersfield, writes to the *Daily Chronicle* on the very difficult question of the 'open Sunday.' He says:

'My opinion, after four years' service with the troops in France, is certainly on the side of encouraging Sunday afternoon amusements. The ideal, as it seems to me, is to aim at morning congregational worship, and so to press home this Christian duty that all professing Christians will regard it as an obligation without which the Fellowship of Christians must be imperfect. No big things can be accomplished for the Kingdom of God unless Christians will lay upon themselves the duty of meeting together to pay homage to their Lord.

'Fellowship worship is an obligation, and until this is recognized by those who call themselves Christians, it seems to me that the question of the reform of the English Sunday on right lines is impossible. A fearless teaching of this, the primary obligation of all Christian citizens, together with a wide human sympathy and an understanding attitude on the part of the clergy toward those who long for the recognition of Sunday afternoon amusements, will go far toward creating the temper of mind which ought to exist in a Christian Commonwealth.

'Clergy and people must pull together; the clergy must quite fearlessly lead public opinion on this matter, and this they will unfailingly do if, while pressing upon their flocks the bounden duty of fellowship worship on Sundays, they encourage rather than discountenance all sanely-conceived movements for regularizing the recreations

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which tired workers need on the weekly day of rest.'

MR. LYTTON, a famous English interpreter of Gilbertian rôles, has just been interviewed. He talked of the operas and their author. 'I was present at a rehearsal,' he said, 'when one of the members of the company sat down on a piece of scenery, which collapsed, and Gilbert reproved him by saying, "I wanted you to sit down in a pensive, not an expensive, manner."

'Once he was showing me how to perform a certain action. Not reproducing it quite correctly, I said, "I have not done that before, Sir William." "No, Lytton," he replied, "but I have," for he had shown me many times, and his humor was sometimes very cutting. He was a magnificent stage manager and his genius is reflected in every production to the present day, for there is not one of his instructions that is not still being carried out.

'When *The Sorcerer* was being played in Ireland the trap door through which John Wellington Wells disappears in the midst of red fire stuck when I was half way down, and I could descend no farther. It did not take long for an Irish wag in the audience to shout, "Hell's full."'

Irish wit he found strong, too, in the rebellion of 1916. 'We had,' he said, 'to get passes to cross the bridges, and while I was standing in a queue at the Castle, an officer passed and said, "Take your hands out of your pockets," for men had been shooting through their pockets. I asked my shabby-looking jarvey, who had kept his hands in his pockets all the time, why the officer had not spoken to him. "Shure," he replied, "he could see I was a gintleman."'

Another of his stories of the same period is that of an old Irish woman who had been looting in a bootmaker's shop. She had left the stolen boots in a little heap to go back for more, and while she was away two little ragamuffins took a few pairs and bolted off with them. 'Glory be to God,' she exclaimed, as she looked, on her return, at her diminished haul, 'I never thought there could be such thieves in Ireland.'

After the trials of the rebellion in Ireland, the company came in for such a series of Zeppelin raids in England that when at last a bomb fell near the theatre in which they were playing a member of the company, for the moment overcome by the shock, exclaimed, 'Harry, I believe the Kaiser has got our tour.'

THE *Morning Post* has given a most interesting account of the changes Sir Nevill Macready is bringing about in the Metropolitan Police. It is being rapidly formed into a *corps d'elite*. Nearly all the recruits have been in the army and navy, and, instead of coming from the country, they are chiefly Londoners who have developed a fine physique in service. In other ways, also, the force is changing its character. It now contains many men who have held commissions or have been at the public schools and universities. The truth is, the new police is a service in which any man of intelligence and character may hope for a considerable career, and that fact is likely to render the old type of constable extinct before long.

THE following letter by Anatole France has appeared in the French press:

'The sovereign hand of our demi-gods draws from oblivion's gulf twenty dead nations. Poland and Armenia bind their wounds at last. On the luminous banks of the Egeus, Greece is reborn. But the justice of men still limps upon its way. Its imperfections and the folly of our leaders have made of Egypt the war's victim.

'The antique land of Ptah is not lacking in rights upon the gratitude of men. She is the spiritual mother of Greece. First among men her priests raised the veil behind which the mystery of the world lies hidden. Her child-like artists kindled to a flame the spark from which beauty was born. Yesterday her flag shared with the flags of the other allies, the triumph of right.

'But is it necessary to present these claims, when according to the new covenant all peoples have right to existence? Alas, even as the doctrine of Galilee was interpreted by the Pharisees, so is Wilson's message put to the service of those egoistic appetites, those sordid calcula-

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tions, which, under a mask of justice, lead governments.

'May the voice of Egypt wake profound echoes in the universal conscience, and rouse against injustice the anger of the peoples!

'*Anatole France.*'

ROMAN newspapers have published a long summary of the report that Signor Luzzatti, president of the Chamber Committee on the German Peace Treaty, will shortly present. Regarding the proposed trial of the ex-Kaiser, the report gives the reasons for the objections of the Commission to such a step, and claims that:

1. Every crime should be previously specifically defined.

2. The accusers may not choose their own judges.

3. Extradition for political crimes is not provided for in any existing treaty.

In recommending the adoption of the Treaty the report asks the government to maintain the interpretation as to the application of the Treaty most favorable to Italian interests, and at the same time recommends the Chamber not to separate Italy from the Allied and Associated Powers, with whom she had won the war and with whom she hoped to overcome the difficulties of peace.

WALKING along the sands at Weymouth this autumn [writes a friend] I saw a corked bottle which had been washed up by the tide. There was a piece of paper inside, so I drew the cork and tried to extract it; but at last getting impatient at the way it eluded me, I broke the bottle and the message was revealed: 'Whoever finds this bottle will find all the beer gone.'

BY order of the Pope, a large painting has been made and placed in the Vatican to commemorate the publication of the New Code of Canon Law. The canvas measures eighteen feet by twelve feet, and the frame is decorated with the coat-of-arms of Popes Pius X and Benedict XV. Over fifty persons, who worked on the Code, are depicted, including Popes Innocent III, Gregory IX, Alexander II, and Benedict XIV.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Frank Swinnerton, novelist and essayist, is familiar to many readers as the author of the delicately written study *Nocturne.*

Rene Bazin is one of the leading French novelists. Many of his novels have been translated into English.

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[*The Anglo-French Review*]

A LULLABY

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

(*From a play*)

Now silent falls the clacking mill;
Sweet — sweeter smells the briar;
The dew wells big on bud and twig;
The glow-worm's wrapt in fire:
Then sing lully, lullay, with me;
And softly, lill-lall-lo, love;
'T is high time, and wild thyme,
And no time, no, love.

The western sky has veiled her rose.
The night-wind to the willow
Sigheth, 'Now, lovely, lean thy head,
Thy tresses be my pillow!'
Then sing lully, lullay, with me;
And softly, lill-lall-lo, love;
'T is high time, and wild thyme,
And no time, no, love.

Cries in the brake; bells in the sea;
The moon o'er moor and mountain
Cruddles her light from height to height,
Bedazzles pool and fountain.
Leap fox; hoot owl; wail warbler sweet!
'T is midnight now a-brewing;
The Fairy Mob are all abroad,
And Witches at their wooing.
Then sing lully, lullay, with me;
And softly, lill-lall-lo, love;
'T is high time, and wild thyme,
And no time, no, love.

[*The New Statesman*]

POSSESSION

BY JOHN FREEMAN

I saw you,
I held you,
And surely I heard you:
But you were as far as any man living could be.

Though sometimes
I have seen you,
And touched you and heard you,
As together we walked and your sleeve now and then brushed mine;
Yet were you then
Farther, farther
Than with body's absence —
But who walks with you now while your thoughts are here and brush mine?

The slow waters
Of three oceans,
And the change of seasons,
Between us are but as a new-leafy hawthorn hedge.

And I see you
And hold you:
But are you yet living,
Or come you now nearer than any man living may be?

[*The London Mercury*]

ISHAK'S SONG *

BY JAMES ELROY FLECKER

Thy dawn, O Master of the World, thy dawn,
The hour the lilies open on the lawn,
The hour the gray wings pass beyond the mountains,
The hour of silence when we hear the fountains,
The hour that dreams are brighter and winds colder,
The hour that young love wakes on a white shoulder,
O Master of the World, the Persian dawn!

This hour, O Master, shall be bright for thee:
Thy merchants chase the morning down the sea,
The braves who fight thy fight unsheath the sabre,
The slaves who toil thy toil are lashed to labor,
For thee the wagons of the world are drawn —
The ebony of night, the red of dawn!

* This song comes from Flecker's unpublished drama *Hassan*, which those who have seen it consider immeasurably the finest thing that he ever wrote. It has remained in manuscript since his death, awaiting stage production. His 'Yasmin' is another song from the play, and his well-known 'Golden Journey to Samarkand' is its epilogue. Ishak is the Court poet of Harounal-Raschid.

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